The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1894.

The Week.

WE abate nothing from our abhorrence of the surrender of both houses of Congress for the time being to an odious monopoly when we say that the passage of some tariff bill at the present time was necessary to the prosperity of the country. People must earn their bread and butter in sunshine and in rain, in storm and in calm. We might have dragged on another twelvemonth in the same mire that we have wallowed in for eighteen months, and yet have been no nearer victory. The unprincipled Trust that has had the national Legislature by the throat ever since the tariff bill went into the Senate, would not let go its hold by mere lapse of time, since its profits were as great under the McKinley act as under the Senate contrivance, if not greater. For this reason we have no censure for those members of the House who finally decided to accept the Senate amendments. We should have preferred to fight on till the people could pronounce their verdict upon Gorman, Brice, Smith, and Camden, but we acknowledge the force of Chairman Wilson's speech in which he said that he had done everything in his power, and that he could do no more—he could not even hold his own supporters together any longer. We cannot ask impossibilities of any man. Therefore, while we should have voted with Mr. Cockran and Mr. Warner if we had had a vote to give, we have nothing but praise for Mr. Wilson, who has proved himself a just and able and brave man throughout this long contest, and has actually sacrificed his health in his eagerness to do his duty.

The bill that has finally passed is a considerable improvement on the McKinley tariff. It reduces the protective duties fully 25 per cent. on the average, and, what is even more important at this time, it puts the Government in funds. It restores the Treasury balance and thereby assures the continuance of gold payments. We have all the time considered the Treasury situation the darkest cloud on the business horizon. The behavior of Congress in this matter has been simply brutal. That body has seen the gold balance slipping away, and the general balance dropping from week to week and month to month, and has refused to pass any law to enable the secretary to borrow on easy terms, thus compelling him to borrow $50,000,000 on hard terms. Every railroad corporation in the United States, and every municipal corporation, has the power to make temporary loans in emergencies like that which befell the national Treasury. It was by oversight merely that the national Treasury was not empowered to do the same thing. Yet when the secretary and the President asked for power to make a two or three-year loan at a low rate of interest (perhaps 2 or 2½ per cent.), Congress turned a deaf ear and compelled a ten-year loan at a higher rate. As the national Treasury is the keeper of the ultimate cash reserve of the nation, holding, in this respect, the place held by the banks of England, France, and Germany in those countries, its condition was the barometer read by the business community from day to day. The insensibility of Congress to that condition was accordingly the heaviest weight that business men had to carry. All of that load is now lifted, for although it will take some time for the new law to get in operation, there will be a gain from the very first, and it will be helped by the upstarting of trade in all directions.

That the Treasury, as well as general business, will experience prompt relief from the passage of a tariff bill is clear from the amount of goods now in bonded warehouses. The last number of the *Financial Chronicle* states the value of dutiable goods in bond, on June 30, as $43,182,922—$5,000,000 more than a year before, and $15,000,000 more than on the same date in 1892. The amount must have considerably increased since June 30, as importers have sent everything to bond not required to fill actual orders. With duties pouring into the Treasury on withdrawals of these and on the fresh importations which will doubtless speedily take on new volume, our financial corner will be turned. With a bigger balance at command, Mr. Carlisle will not have to lie awake nights thinking about the gold exports and the narrowing reserve behind our fiat silver certificates. In fact, the era of business prosperity which is now inevitable, unless ex-President Harrison succeeds in his fixed determination to hold it off, will do a great deal to ease up the theoretical as well as practical difficulties of the silver question. If men are conscious that they and the country are not ruined, they will not be button-holed off into a corner by the bimetallists to hear an elaborate explanation of how they came to be ruined.

The *American Manufacturer* of Pittsburgh notes an increasing demand for pig-iron. The month of August, it says, "opens up very auspiciously for something like a return to a normal rate of pig-iron production. Following up the gain, at July 1, of 21,110 tons, August has a further and increased gain of 27,977 tons in the weekly rate of production. The reaction towards heavier production is sharper than it was on July 1, and comes in some measure from all the furnaces, but especially from those which have been enabled to resume by reason of renewing their receipts of coke from the disturbed Connellsville region." The reduction of the duty on pig-iron to $4 per ton by the Senate bill does not seem to have any terrors for the producers in this country. There is little reason why it should when the cheapest English pig sells for $8.62 per ton at home, the corresponding grade at Pittsburgh selling for $10. Bessemer pig is now quoted at $11.05 in England and at $12.25 in Pittsburgh. The Senate duty is strictly prohibitory. The duty of 10 per cent. ad-valorem in the House bill, added to freight and other charges, would have been ample for protection, and would have afforded some relief to the iron industry of New England.

The wool trade has started into fresh activity, and prices have advanced 10 per cent. There is a sudden demand for woollen goods in consequence, as buyers know that an advance in the raw material must be followed by an improvement in the finished product. The Boston *Journal of Commerce* takes a cheerful view of the situation as to domestic goods, and says that the recent depression has led manufacturers to improve their designs, so that they now produce a grade of goods superior to anything that has ever before been made in this country. "The last year," it says, "has seen a wonderful advance in this direction, and it has been brought about largely by the dull times. Had our markets been ready to take the goods that were made last year as fast as produced, our manufacturers would have been satisfied to have followed in the same old track, or nearly so, as before; but, with a sensitive market, they have been compelled to try to produce a superior class of goods, one which the market would prefer to those of their competitors; and as a consequence the style and finish of our goods this season are far ahead of anything previously attempted." The Home Market Club ought to make a note of this. There are better ways to secure and retain the home market than a protective tariff. Foreign markets are sometimes achieved by skill and economy also. It is a fact of some importance that we are exporting more carpets to England at the present time than we are importing from that country.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It has been highly significant to note that the most strenuous efforts of the Sugar Trust, its impudent interference with legislation, have been made not to secure the one-eighth cent differential, but a change from specific to ad-valorem rates. Thus, Mr. Havemeyer testified (June 12) as follows.

"I went to Senator Vest. . . . I had my sugar samples, to which I have already referred, with me, and opened them before him, in his house, and showed him how indispensable it was to the sugar-refining industry of this country that if any duty was to be assessed on sugar it should be under the ad-valorem system, and not any uniform or specific rate. . . .

"The Chairman—What occurred between you and Senator Caffery?

"Mr. Havemeyer—The substance of what I have already testified to, as to what took place on the subject of raw and refined between myself, Jones, Vest, and Brice, except the absence of the samples. I endeavored to show him that it was to the advantage of Louisiana to have the form of duty ad valorem, irrespective of what the rate was. Mr. Caffery told me that he was satisfied his people wanted specific rates."

Mr. Havemeyer testified also that Senators Gorman and Brice "appeared to apprehend the subject better than anybody else," meaning the advantages of ad-valorem over specific rates. This is altogether likely.

Senator Caffery's speech is even more to the point than Mr. Havemeyer's testimony. The Senator said that the finance committee agreed, after much labor, to a specific duty ranging from one cent for 80° sugar up to 1.26c. for 98°, with ⅛c. additional for refined. "That schedule," said the Senator, "conceded nothing whatever in favor of the Sugar Trust more than what appeared on its face. It was with reluctance accepted by the people of my State. They thought that by economy, by better methods of extraction and evaporation and even of agriculture, they could get along with that." What happened next? Mr. Caffery met Senator Gorman in the Senate doorway, and the latter said to him: "That schedule means free sugar." It happened oddly enough that Senator Brice made the same remark. Why did it mean free sugar? Because the specific schedule was "unacceptable to the refining interest," as Senator Jones explained. All the Republican Senators would vote for free sugar as a party issue, and then a few votes on the Democratic side would suffice to put raw sugar on the free list without any bounty. By this threat was Mr. Caffery driven to support the deceitful ad-valorem rate. Well might Senator Caffery ask: "What occult power is it which has the force to change a fair schedule adopted after long deliberation? What subtle influence is it which is pervading the Senate, that can strike down the agriculturist and uphold the interests of what is called a Trust?"

The withdrawal of the militia from Chicago may be said to be the dropping of the curtain upon the great drama that has been enacted there. So quickly does public interest shift from one theme to another that this event has aroused but little attention; and yet it will be watched by careful observers with considerable anxiety. There must be a large number of men on the verge of starvation in consequence of their own folly and the crimes of their leaders, and it remains to be seen whether these men are disposed to resort again to violence. Several attacks upon workmen occurred upon the withdrawal of the troops, and the situation at Pullman will continue to be critical for some time to come.

The injunctions issued by the courts against the members of labor unions are more and more sweeping in character. Judge Dugro of the Superior Court of this city last week enjoined the members of the Journeymen Tailors' Union, on strike against a reduction of wages, from assembling or loitering near their employers' places of business, from maintaining "a system of patrol, picketing, or espionage," and from all other acts tending to hinder their employers from carrying on business. The order goes even further, and specifically restrains the defendants from interfering by means of published circulars or notices, or by signs or menaces of any kind, intended to prevent workmen from seeking employment from the plaintiffs. It also prohibits "enticing" any one from the employment of the plaintiffs. The terms of this order are broader than those of the restraining orders recently issued by the United States courts in the West. It is doubtful if they are not too broad. It is one thing to threaten a man with violence if he goes to work, and quite another to entice him away from it, although the trade-union methods sometimes suggest the Irishman's "enticing with a club." We need not go back to the policy of the statutes against laborers in our zeal for restraining trade unions. Recent English decisions have drawn the line very sharply between what may and what may not be done by laborers on strike, and we believe that they are to the effect that neither "enticing" nor picketing is unlawful. It may not be desirable to follow these decisions, especially in regard to picketing, but they are deserving of consideration.

The North Carolina Democrats have adopted a platform which combines folly and good sense. The commendation of the Administration is expressed in unusually good English for a political platform. The President's action in checking anarchy at Chicago, his sturdy efforts to secure tariff reform and a reduction in the cost of government, and the freedom from scandal which has marked his administration, are specifically and distinctly praised. But when the talismanic word silver was mentioned, the mental balance of the delegates could not be preserved. They want equal privileges for the despised and downtrodden metal at the United States mint. "Free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, such being the ratio of coinage which has heretofore held in the United States," is the demand of these enlightened financiers. The truth is, that silver is coming to occupy a position something like that of the negro during the days when the "bloody shirt" was waved. That was a picturesque and righteous grievance, enjoyed by Northern politicians exclusively, and the Southerners have not had any really good and satisfactory cause to sympathize with for a good while. But silver is just the thing. It is a kind of peg upon which to hang denunciations of capitalistic greed and unrighteous laws and unjust discriminations, combined with expressions of tender regard for the poor and oppressed. No platform-maker feels happy without a plank of this kind. A few years ago the "bloated bondholder" answered the purpose. Now it is silver, and in a few years it will be something else equally factitious.

One of the most encouraging aspects of the Democratic victory in Alabama is the support it gives to the forces of law and order. The Republican-Populist fusion not only stood for free silver and general demoralization, but specifically attempted to make political capital out of the severe labor troubles from which the State has suffered. Gov. Jones had shown great firmness and energy in putting down riotous strikers by the use of troops. He had given especial offence to the Kolbites by guarding with State troops some negro miners who had taken the places of white strikers. During the campaign a story was put in circulation that Col. Oates, the Democratic candidate for Governor, would be another Jones, and would shoot down lawless strikers. So far from being frightened at this report was Col. Oates that he took occasion flatly to affirm that he would shoot down defiant law-breakers, strikers or not. This manly declaration was nuts to the politicians on the other side, who then had the colonel "just where they wanted him," and were going to beat him by many thousands of votes. But the extra thousands mostly went his way, the result indicating that many Republicans must have refused the ticket urged upon them by Senator Hoar.

An interesting question on the subject of State constitutional changes in New

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York has come up at Albany in connection with the proposed amendments in regard to the suffrage. One of these amendments provides that at the general election succeeding the one at which the amended Constitution shall be voted on by the people, the question of striking out the word "male" from the suffrage section shall be submitted separately, and that, in case of a favorable vote on that proposition, women shall thereafter vote at all elections upon the same qualifications and conditions as are prescribed to male citizens. The peculiarity of this amendment is, that it is proposed to submit it to a popular vote without having its merits passed upon at all by the Constitutional Convention, and the point has been raised that this course is itself unconstitutional, one student of the question expressing himself as follows:

"Such is not the method of amending the Constitution provided by the existing Constitution. The very object of a written constitution, or any constitution, is to protect the general organic law from being changed at any time by the mere expression of the will of the majority. The Constitution itself, and the act of 1893 creating the present convention, both provide that the province of the convention is 'to revise and amend the constitution.' It has no other powers whatever. It seems to me that it has no *moral* right at least to do indirectly what it cannot do directly."

There is involved in this subject the old question whether an amendment of the fundamental law, when once accepted by the people on a popular vote, does not become a part of that law, regardless of any informalities in the way in which it has reached a vote of the people. Good constitutional lawyers, like the late Charles O'Conor, have held that an affirmative vote by the people is sufficient and final. Our State Constitution itself is very indefinite in regard to the ratification of amendments prepared by a constitutional convention. It provides specifically, with regard to amendments proposed by the Legislature, that, before they are referred to the people, they must be "agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each of the two houses" (of two legislatures). Section 2, article 13, which provides for constitutional conventions, is utterly silent as to the manner in which such a convention shall decide upon constitutional changes, not even providing that a vote of the people shall be necessary to their ratification. This has permitted the point to be raised that the action of the convention on amendments might be considered final if the Legislature had not provided by law for submitting them to a popular vote.

The failure of the corn crop in portions of Kansas and Nebraska has produced great distress, and we read that people are abandoning their withered farms and moving eastward to find places where they can procure subsistence. Others, who have lost only half their crop, are staying at home, hoping for better times next year. There has been no suggestion from any quarter that these poor people should have a bounty from the national Treasury or that the great principle of protection should be set in motion for their benefit. Yet it is difficult to say who is better entitled to it. True, there is an embarrassment in applying it to a man whose crop has been entirely ruined. If it were only half destroyed, we might give him a bounty on the other half sufficient to bring the whole up to the average of former years; but when he has nothing for a basis, how can we determine what he ought to have? This is a problem which we submit to those who believe in bounties, and to the social philosophers who think that the state might institute some desirable means of distributing wealth without first producing it.

The new Government of Hawaii being clearly *de facto*, its recognition by the United States follows as a matter of course. Minister Willis practically recognized it on the promulgation of the new Constitution and the inauguration of the new officers. If the Hawaiian revolutionists of 1892 had only proceeded decently and in order, as they have since done, they would have saved themselves and this country a world of trouble. They could just as well have set up their oligarchy under the form of a republic then as to have waited two years, and in that case they would have prevented the scandal of getting recognition as a *de-facto* government, when they were only a lot of scared conspirators and were asserting control over their country only for the purpose of giving it away. Recognition of a *de-facto* government is a proceeding into which should enter no element of personal sympathy or judgment of the character of the government recognized. We do not bow to governments, as we do to people, because we like them or approve of them. Stevens put a tremendous amount of feeling and republican sentiment into his recognition, pledged and written in advance, of the revolutionists. In fact, he felt so strongly and liked the men so well that he forgot to observe that they were not a *de-facto* government. Having now become such unquestionably, they are entitled to recognition by all countries having dealings with them, and will doubtless get it.

Those who have confidently counted upon a great temperance revival in the Catholic church, as a result of the stand taken by Archbishops Satolli and Ireland and Bishop Watterson, have overlooked several important facts. One is that the Baltimore Council practically ordered all Catholic liquor-sellers to go out of business. But this had no effect, and it is not likely that what a council could not do a bishop can. Then there is what may be called the vested interest of the liquor business in the Catholic church. Last week's *Independent* culled a choice lot of saloon advertisements from the pages of the Catholic religious press. No severe thundering against saloon-keeping can be expected from such organs of the church. Finally there remains the fact, stoutly insisted upon by the organ of the liquor-sellers in this city, that saloon-keepers are among the most generous supporters of the Catholic church, and that it cannot afford to antagonize them. In the recent debate on the legacy duties in the House of Commons, the chancellor of the exchequer told of a miserly Scotchman who had on his death-bed left a large sum to the Established Church, and of the remark made of the transaction that it was the biggest premium against fire ever paid in Scotland. Doubtless it is the same kind of a premium, duly paid, which makes the Catholic saloon-keepers of this city easy in their minds on the score of interference with their business by ecclesiastical authority. They can pin their faith with absolute serenity on Archbishop Corrigan's profound remark on this subject, that "acceptance of principles is not to be confounded with blind application of the same."

Extremely bitter contests were formerly waged between the gas companies of London and their workmen, during which there was danger that the city might be left in total darkness. In 1889 one of the great companies decided that for every penny it could reduce the price of gas (which by statute enabled the companies to increase their dividends) it would give the workmen 1 per cent. on their wages and salaries. In 1891 this bonus was 5 per cent., and amounted to £11,400. The price of coal in 1892, owing to the prolonged strike, was so high that it was necessary to raise the price of gas, with the result that the bonus fell to 3 per cent., the sum divided being £6,648. The next year the bonus reached 4 per cent., equalling £8,395, and for the year just closed it rose to the very considerable sum of £12,435. During this year, also, the rate of bonus was increased, so that for every penny reduction in the price of gas the bonus was to be 1½ per cent.; upon the condition, however, that one-half of the bonus should be left in the company's hands. The workmen have deposited with the company £26,530, and they have invested in the company £12,867, besides which £3,720 was invested for workmen by trustees. These facts are unusually suggestive, and appear to indicate that industrial peace is by no means a Utopian ideal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM ON EXHIBITION.

THE events of the last few weeks, we venture to say, have made more free-traders than many carefully prepared arguments could. Most people have not the patience, if they have the capacity, to follow prolonged and complicated discussions of economic theories and governmental policies. They have enough to do to think out solutions for their own domestic, social, and business problems, and they very plausibly reason that, as they pay the salaries of Congressmen, they should be relieved from considering the affairs of the nation. As a rule ninety-nine-hundredths of the people of the country have usually the vaguest possible ideas as to what is going on in Congress, and this is especially true of such technical matters as rates of duty upon imported goods. The determination of such rates is naturally supposed to require much technical knowledge of numberless mechanical arts, as well as a profound acquaintance with the conduct of business affairs. It is unnecessary to say that the beneficiaries of protection have assiduously confirmed this impression. They have generally replied to arguments in favor of lower duties by saying that such matters could be understood only by business men, and that arguments contained in books were only theoretical and were always despised by men of affairs. In this manner they succeeded for many years in having things their own way, while the public supposed the successive tariff acts with which the country was burdened were the product of a wise statesmanship.

The disclosures that have recently been made of the true method of constructing protective tariffs have startled and disgusted many worthy people who are reluctant to believe any one worse than themselves. It now appears plainly enough that there is no statesmanship required, nor any technical knowledge. All the theatrical "business" of protection is done away with. The public has been taken behind the scenes, and has had an opportunity to see how the actors look before they are stuffed and padded and powdered with the alluring promises of protection to American homes and all the familiar protectionist humbug. It is not an acquaintance with mechanical processes, after all, that is indispensable in these matters, but an acquaintance with secret political methods. Knowledge of business means knowledge of the stock market, and success in affairs means astuteness in making the utmost possible gain out of positions of honor and trust. Legislative favors are dispensed like a "free lunch," which finishes in something like a bar-room quarrel.

The Republicans profess to be very much shocked by this state of affairs, and lay it to the innate sinfulness of the Democrats. The country is also shocked, but it is not at the wickedness of the Democrats so much as at that of the protective system. This dickering and bargaining always went on among the Republicans when they were in power, but they were able to keep it quiet. They did not have a great deal of trouble in doing so, because they always raised duties instead of lowering them. If any one got angry and threatened to talk out because his business did not get more favor, they pacified him by giving him more. They had a commission to lower duties once, and it took a good deal of expert testimony about the arts and processes of manufacture, and about cost of production and prices. As a result of the evidence the commission proposed to recommend a small reduction in duties. But the protected interests had no idea of allowing any such thing. When it came to that, they were for the full measure of protection, no matter what might be figured out by men of business, and they had their way.

When the Democrats undertook to deal with the tariff, they had very different conditions under which to work. It was no longer possible to ask this Senator and that how much they wanted for their particular interests, but the question was how much they were willing to surrender. The process of disgorging is not a pleasant one, and it is not surprising that there has been a falling out over it. Perhaps even the Republicans might have let out some disagreeable secrets if they had undertaken to lower duties. But it is perfectly clear that the real iniquity is in the bargaining, and not in disclosing the bargaining. It is the protectionist Senators that were elected as Democrats against whom the popular wrath is hot, not against the other Democrats or the Democratic party. The exposure has been a good thing for that party. It has exhibited the spirit and the methods of protection in such an odious light that it will be more difficult than ever to defend it. It has made it clear that the better element in the Democratic party has taken up the fight in behalf of honest government in earnest, and it has made it clear how fierce that fight is, and what foul blows are struck by the adversary. The question of revenue sinks out of sight while it remains undetermined whether legislative favors can be bought or not by wealthy interests. It would be a relief to have this question settled now, but it is of sufficient importance to make delay immaterial. Protection has made an exhibition of itself which will prevent its posing hereafter under any hypocritical guise of affection for the poor. Its tenderness is plainly for the rich; the richer, the better. If it can once be turned out of our legislation, even the Senate may be purified and Congress enjoy as much freedom from the odor of corruption as the English Parliament has enjoyed since the repeal of the Corn Laws.

DESTRUCTIVE COMPETITION.

THERE are many features of the competitive régime which are odious, and some of its results are apparently so destructive as to lead those who do not consider the subject in all its bearings to pronounce a rather sweeping condemnation of the whole system. A correspondent, whose letter we print elsewhere, appears to have taken this position, and to have thereby involved himself in considerable perplexity. He gives his approbation to the doctrine that the destruction of property by rioters must be prevented by military force, if necessary, but he reasons from this that the destruction of property by commercial competition must also be prevented by law. He maintains that it is just as criminal for corporations to destroy capital by wrecking business as "it is for the anarchist to do the same thing by applying the torch." There is no legitimate competition, in his judgment, "that does other than it would be done by." And he instances the Standard Oil Company, which reduces the price of oil until the small refiner is driven out of business and compelled to abandon his plant. Such conduct on the part of the Standard Oil Company, our correspondent thinks, makes it the duty of the President of the United States to call out the army and navy, if necessary, in order to make Mr. Rockefeller behave himself.

We are not concerned to defend the commercial practices of the Standard Oil Company, which may be in numerous respects morally reprehensible; but we are quite sure that our correspondent is laboring under some confusion of thought, and we shall endeavor to disabuse him of some erroneous impressions, which are undoubtedly shared by many other people. The destruction of property by violent and unlawful acts is evidently an entirely different thing from the destruction of property which takes place through the progress of invention, the development of transportation, and the improvement of business methods. Doubtless many pack-saddles were rendered useless when wagons came to be employed. Many stage-coaches were practically destroyed by the construction of railroads. And many antiquated processes and inferior and badly situated refineries, we presume Mr. Rockefeller would say, had to be abandoned, owing to the decreased cost of production attained by the Standard Oil Company. Further reflection will undoubtedly convince our correspondent that every business man who undersells his neigh-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bor would declare upon oath that he was actuated by the purest motives, and was endeavoring to give the consumer advantages in the shape of cheap commodities which his neighbor, with his cumbrous system of doing business and his old-fashioned machinery, could not possibly afford. To puncture with bayonets every person who offered to sell goods at a less price than they could be sold for by such manufacturers as rejected all improved processes, and conducted their business in the most wasteful and unscientific manner, would be something quite contrary to the principles upon which the world now carries on its affairs.

A more careful analysis will probably reveal to our correspondent the fallacy which has misled him. The act of withdrawing from their employment on the part of a large number of men clearly tends to the destruction of their employer's capital. But this is not an act which is to be prevented by bayonets. It is not in itself an unlawful act, nor a violent act. It may even be an act which promotes the general welfare; and it would certainly be prejudicial to the general welfare were all such acts prohibited. Formerly they were prohibited, and so was underselling; but both prohibitions belong to a darker age than ours. It is quite clear that a distinction must be made between acts directly destructive of property and those indirectly productive of that result. *Non constat*, as the lawyers say, that the refiner who complains of the competition of the Standard Oil Company might not, by the exercise of great skill and ingenuity, meet that competition. Even if he cannot do so, it can never be admitted that the furnishing of commodities cheaply is properly called destruction of property. It may involve the destruction of some property; but it creates more than it destroys. The fallacy of our correspondent is the fallacy of protection, and many an honest citizen has felt his blood boil when told how British manufacturers were "flooding our markets with cheap goods," to the destruction of American manufactories.

Perhaps what our correspondent had in mind in his complaint was success in competition due to illegal and fraudulent practices and to the prostitution of legislation. In such case it is evidently not the successful competition that is objectionable, but the means employed to make it successful. We are glad to agree with our correspondent in condemning such means, and will support any measure which he proposes that will bring about the general adoption in commercial practice of the golden rule. For the present we know of nothing better calculated to produce this result than the doing away with protective duties, the iniquity of which is now being exhibited to the whole country in a very conspicuous manner. We anticipate a considerable improvement in business morality from this reform. If it does not reduce the evils of competition materially, we shall then be glad to consider more effective measures, but we shall not include in these the use of bayonets.

THE RULE OF THREE VOLUMES.

ENGLAND'S most venerable institutions seem to be suffering a concerted attack all along the line. With crown and altar assaulted by Mr. Keir Hardie and Welsh Disestablishment, respectively, and the heroic wealth of hall and bower tilted at by death duties and the progressive income tax, it is no wonder that the pen should also be called upon to forfeit its ancient English dower. Wordsworth did not specifically state what is the ancient English dower of the pen, but if there is anything more ancient or more English than the three-volume novel, we should be glad to be told what it is. At any rate, it is nothing less than this peculiar glory of Great Britain that irreverent hands would now dim.

The trouble began with a notice sent out to publishers at the end of June by the two great circulating libraries—Mudie's and W. H. Smith & Son's. It was a polite intimation that, after December 31, 1894, the libraries must have their three-volume novels 20 per cent. cheaper than heretofore, and also that the publishers must undertake not to issue a cheaper edition within twelve months of publication. Far from being a blow at the sacred three-volume, this was intended further to hedge it about with dignity. It was on account of the "great and increasing demand for novels in sets of three volumes" that the libraries were forced to take the step. Subscribers would have their three volumes, full weight and specific gravity; and with all single-volume fiction rusting on their shelves, what could the proprietors do but demand cheaper raw material and a guarantee against competition by an edition in one volume? So they looked at it, in their blind worship of the three-volume novel, little dreaming that their action would shake literary England to its foundations and start a revolution which threatens to put an end to the very existence of three-volume fiction.

But so it was, tyranny overreaching itself in the proverbial fashion. Many of the three-volume publishers were cowed, as it is an extremely fine thing to have a library take an edition of 750 or 1,000 copies off your hands and thus eliminate all risk; and nothing seemed easier than to turn to the three-volume authors and say, "You see, our profits are to be cut down 30 per cent., and so must be your pay." But, to the unspeakable surprise and dismay of the publishers and the librarians, the book-worm has turned. The authors have thrown down their pens where they stood, and vowed that they will strike and starve before they will see their wages cut 30 per cent. Some of them have made the horrifying suggestion that, if the libraries must save 20 per cent. somewhere, they ought to increase their subscription price by that amount. The managing committee of the Authors' Society met on July 23 and resolved, after consulting "several prominent novelists and other members of the Society, and finding them almost unanimously opposed to the continuance of the three-volume system," that "the disadvantages of that system to authors and to the public far outweigh its advantages; that for the convenience of the public, as well as for the widest possible circulation of a novel, it is desirable that the artificial form of edition produced for a small body of readers be now abandoned."

It would seem as if sacrilege could no further go, but it did. The bold innovators began to question the authority of the three-volume novel, whether on the ground of antiquity or merit. That it was an old institution simply showed that it had its origin in the barbaric times when writers and readers were few, and paper and printing very costly; when the parson, the squire, and the doctor were the only readers in the parish, and required three volumes, so that each man might always have one, to read backwards or forwards as he chose. Awful things, too, before only whispered in dark corners, have been openly said about the quality of three-volume fiction. Such words as "rubbish" have reached the ears of the affrighted public, and a recipe which Mr. Zangwill long ago gave, in a furtive way, for the manufacture of a novel in three volumes, has been brought out into the light. It is as follows, and nothing could better mark the dissolute state of morals in England than its popularity:

> "One idea makes one paragraph.
> Two paragraphs make one page.
> Twenty pages make one chapter.
> Twelve chapters make one volume.
> Three volumes make one tired."

Growing bolder with their own audacity, the revolutionary authors have pointed out the fact that few of the great names of English fiction, past or contemporary, have been identified with three volumes. Scott usually published in two volumes. Dickens and Thackeray used monthly numbers. Indeed, how can a first-class novelist submit himself to the three-volume fetters? That means an edition of 750 copies to start with, slowly going the rounds of the British Isles. With no other edition possible for a twelvemonth, the book loses its vogue before it has a chance to get any, and when the cheap edition does come out, it has to encounter on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the book-stalls the worn three-volume copies which the libraries are by that time selling for a song. Both publisher and author would find a better profit in a cheap edition of 4,000 to begin with than an issue of 750 at three times the price and practically exhausting the market. The extra cost of manufacture in three volumes with thick paper and wide margins is in the face of the general law of the greatest possible economy of production, and is of itself enough to doom the system.

That it is doomed seems highly probable. It has been, in fact, for some years little more than a refuge for the mediocrity and stupidity of writers, and the laziness of publishers. The latter say that they will be much slower in accepting manuscripts with no library guaranteeing in advance to take the whole edition. They ought to be slower. They ought to know their business well enough to print only books which will sell themselves; and it is on such terms that the best literature best will thrive. The indiscriminate acceptance by the libraries of anything that has the requisite size and weight is fatal. One publisher meekly suggested that the libraries exercise a little more care in ordering novels, but was sternly told that he knew nothing about the business. With sixty thousand subscribers to whom anything is a novel, provided it comes from Mudie's or Smith's and is in three volumes, it would be the height of folly to look a novel too curiously in the mouth. But the signs of the times are pretty clear that the three volumes must go. To many in England such a conclusion will seem as unsettling as if the Graces or the Furies were no longer to be three, or as if all Gaul were no more to be divided into three parts.

WHEAT-FARMERS IN MARYLAND.

FREDERICK, August 4, 1894.

"THE largest crop in twelve years, and the lowest price ever known," is the condition facing the wheat-farmers in central and western Maryland. Their case is fairly typical of all wheat-farmers on the Atlantic slope. With them wheat is the heart-blood of wealth, and its quotations are the pulse-beats of society. It is at once the standard and the basis of their life. In the heyday of the flush times after the civil war, these tillers of the soil in the fertile valleys between the ranges and spurs of the Appalachian chain raked in dollars by shovelfuls. The yellow cereal went at what now appear super-fancy figures. The old men longingly talk of those glorious days of enormous profits. One of them says: "I remember in 1854 the harvest was so large the barn couldn't hold it. I asked my father what to do with that left out. He said, 'Thresh it and sell it.' I did so and got $1.40 a bushel for it. In 1868, I sold 400 bushels at $3.05 per bushel. If I get fifty cents this season, I shall be lucky."

Wheat certainly does not pay for itself under present conditions. The most careful of rural bookkeepers say it costs more than fifty cents a bushel to grow it. If three or four dollars per acre go into fertilizer, and another dollar into seed, and a couple more for labor, threshing, and marketing, and a reasonable allowance be made for wear and tear on stock and machinery, fencing, buildings — what is left, unless the yield is over twenty bushels an acre, even for a land-owning family? While if three or four more dollars are added for rent, the tenant either scamps the life out of himself and family, or crops the land to death and then goes elsewhere. Commercial manure must be used; that from the barn brings fine straw, but seems to lack some constituent demanded by the grain. Every year or two lime must also be added.

With the bottom out of wheat, there seems no refuge in any product. Corn and oats are each less expensive than wheat to raise, and would pay much better now, as all three are selling at about the same price per bushel; but this is an exception, and another year farmers might lose heavily on them. Over a score of seasons ago corn was worth eight dollars a barrel, now less than three, and even then it was not cultivated as a money crop. Once lean cattle could be bought at three or three and a half cents a pound, and after being fattened be sold for five cents. Now the only profit in such a speculation is from the extra pounds put on, since one gets no more per pound for the fat steer than he paid for it when lean. Horses were once regularly raised for market, but the introduction of rapid transit in street railways has killed the business by diminishing the demand. Grades of these animals now go for less than a hundred that used to fetch three hundred dollars and upwards. There is no money in pork, and no pork is raised except for home consumption. Only a limited number of farms can be devoted to milk or trucking. All can gather up a little surplus on eggs and butter. Two vegetable canneries have been of great help for some few years. Sweet corn brought fifteen or twenty dollars an acre, but the factories overstocked the market and have had to curtail the output, and in consequence reduce the price of the raw material. Creameries also have aided in furnishing a steady outlet for milk all the year round. But all these smaller industries are by-products, and the ordinary farm could not be run on them. There must be some mainstay, and this has always been wheat; but it is certain it cannot remain so unless prices should go up or a new use be found for it. Wheat, in fact, is so low that, out of its very worthlessness, it may spring into fresh, glorious life. Farmers have discovered that it is highly valuable in making milk, beef, and pork. One has kept statistics, and declares it is worth at least a dollar a bushel to fatten hogs on. Years ago our astonishment was great when corn was burnt as fuel in the far West, but, with the "golden grain" fed to beastly swine, we shall be struck dumb.

With this steady sinking of prices it was inevitable that new social and industrial tendencies should appear. As a slight symptom the old people point out that the average table is not so laden with rich meats as in days of yore, nor, they declare, can the young men stow away the loads of food their fathers could. An elderly gentleman says it was common for him to sit down to a dinner of baked turkey, baked goose, baked ham, roast pig, roast beef, fried oysters, and often game; but nowadays he sadly notices much less variety of meats, and much more "trimmings." Another change has been wrought through the adoption of improved machinery, as sulky-ploughs, seeders, drillers, and binders. Men now ride wearing light carpet slippers instead of walking in thick cowhide boots. One man on the binder, another to drive, and three to shock, will harvest as many acres as thirty hands did when they reaped with the cradle. But the tendency the most far-reaching in its social effects is the proportionate increase in tenant farming. This is a general opinion among farmers, and the figures of the last two censuses would seem to indicate the same increase. Much of the land about here was once held in extensive tracts. The family of the historic Carroll of Carrollton once owned the large "manor" estate, some half-a-dozen miles south of Frederick, about as good soil as exists in this region. These wide holdings were gradually carved up and sold so that only a few farms now exceed two hundred acres. Credit was generously granted, and energetic young fellows had a smooth path before them. They cared nothing about mortgages, because, with an almost virgin soil and wheat three dollars a bushel, payment seemed easy, and was easy. But, as the market went down, the claims felt heavier and the annual instalments were harder to meet. Creditors became clamorous and foreclosed the mortgages, and a family considered as landowner was classed as tenant. While such an accession swelled the number of renters, all such were always tenants in fact.

In another way, farms that were once tilled by the owners are now cultivated by tenants. Through pitiless competition in American farming, prices have been forced so low that virtually all a farm-owning family makes here is a return for its labor, stock, and implements. Interest on capital invested in the farm is practically disregarded. Life has come down to "hard-pan," and gentleman farming has nearly disappeared. The average man who tries to hire all work done while he only oversees, will find himself slowly sinking in the mire of debt and failure. Only those succeed who can bear a strong hand themselves. A man of weak constitution, or one hampered with a helpless family, is fighting against fearful odds. Even an active young married couple often find the tasks too numerous for two pairs of arms, and many years must elapse before youngsters can be reared to divide the toil. In such instances it has been found the best course to rent out the place to greater bodily strength, and retire from the struggle, seeking lighter employment in neighboring towns and villages. Another recruit is then added to the ranks of tenants. Poor Richard's Almanac faithfully applies:

> "He that by the plow would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive."

Under such circumstances the renter can come into the race only by living on a lower level of comfort than his more favored brother. It is on this narrow margin of constrained self-sacrifice that a capitalist investor in land bases his expectation of profit, and it goes without saying that farms are no longer a popular form of investment. Under a gradual modification now going on, capital will be still shyer of seeking this field, because there can be no regular or fixed income. Low prices are driving out money rents for the share system, by which one side furnishes the land and half the fertilizer and half the seed, and the other side does everything else, and the gross yield is divided equally. There are advantages in this method for both parties The landlord can prevent barbarous "skinning" and reckless "overcropping," and can insist on a wise plan of rotation. The tenant is not at the mercy of sudden depressions in the market. There is certainly a wide avenue for lying and cheating, but farmers are usually honest, and, be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sides, the foot of fraud would be seriously impeded by the mesh of checks in the shape of thresher figures, public-scales receipts, and way-bills.

Another social modification has been the actual or relative improvement of the hired labor class. All farm products have fallen two-thirds and more. Groceries, clothing, furniture, and implements have fallen 50 per cent. and upwards. The wages of ordinary unskilled labor have also fallen, but relatively not so much as the prices of commodities. The average day laborer, with his fifty cents a day, now can buy more than he could buy with his dollar a day twenty years ago. Perhaps this partly explains why it no longer pays to hire labor. Still, so alluring is city life that in many localities loud complaint is heard that labor is hard to get for the field and still harder for the house. Hired labor has gained, but debtors as a rule have suffered, since the majority of them borrowed on a basis of high prices. Mortgage statistics of the last census are not available, but the general opinion is that the greater number of these claims were entered into to satisfy the universal land-hunger of Americans for a home, and a few to make needed improvements. It is safe to say that these owners would usually prefer to have the homes with the burdens than to be without both.

With wheat "away down," and nothing else in sight, there seems justification for the farmers as a class considering the outlook gloomy. As symptoms of their declining condition they refer to the numerous mortgages, and point out that the farms are not so nicely kept up as formerly. They advance divers theories as to the causes of their trouble, but these may be all grouped under four heads: overproduction, extravagance of living, railroad rates, and unjust legislation. Since all commodities are down in price, the first may be dismissed, as there can be no such thing as general overproduction. The old men are the ones who generally believe that the farmers are going at too lively a gait in their style of living. They look back to early days of simplicity, when there was not much machinery and very little travelling, and now they point to the excursions, and summer trips, and the more fashionable cut of the farmers' clothes, the piles of papers, magazines, and books, and Southern melons, California fruits, and early vegetables. They are positive the farmers got into all this whirl and swim during the time of war prices, and assert that hard times have come from trying to live beyond their means. One old gentleman pointed out a special sign of this extravagance in the number of buggies now kept. Some large farm families seem to be running a livery stable, because every young fellow must have a buggy of his own, while years ago one such vehicle was thought enough in a large family, as the farm wagon could be used on special occasions for rides to church or neighborhood gatherings. But few old people like the present. Even admitting that the farmers are living more expensively, they are only following the general law of development of man's wants. It is clear enough they are not living in as much comfort as their city cousins of a corresponding class, else farmers would not be so willing to move to the cities, and so grimly determined to stay there even if they can hang on only by their teeth. But there is perhaps a grain of hard financial truth in this view of the conservative folks. Owing to the close communication in the channels of trade and finance through all parts of the Western world, it was impossible for us to maintain a level of prices so far above the normal level obtaining in all the main part. We were the smaller member and had to recede from our high-water mark.

There is an indefinite feeling among farmers, also, that the transportation companies get more than a fair share out of them, but there is not that unreasoning, silly opposition to railroad interests seen in South Carolina and Kansas. While an undoubted growth of sentiment in favor of Government ownership of railroads and telegraphs can be detected, the farmers do not yet clearly conceive in what their grievances consist. The same may be said of their belief that the law-makers have not treated them fairly. There is a strong feeling of uneasiness against legislative bodies for the tender solicitude shown to Trusts and monopolies, but these humors of indignation have not yet gathered themselves into a head so as to be felt in political action. On one point the mass of the farmers are decided as to the discrimination against them. The bulk of the white farmers here believe with all their souls that because of the high tariff they are made to pay extra prices for nearly all they buy. They hold that the prices of what they buy ought to fall in the same proportion as the prices of what they sell. As for fearing to meet the competition of the world in their own products, they do not dread that any more than they dread cold in winter or heat in summer.

In spite of the decline in prosperity, and in spite of the hard times and darkening future, they cling fast to old-established principles of finance, in striking contrast to many of their brethren down South and out West. Extensive inquiry failed to find a free-silverite, greenbacker, or pronounced Populist, though there are organizations of this party near Washington and Hagerstown. The general opinion was boldly voiced by a young fellow who asked: "What good would free silver do me? I have no silver mine. What is the use of more greenbacks? I can get all the money I want now when I have anything to get it with." This would doubtless seem pitifully poor and spiritless to the high-flown orators in South Carolina and Kansas, but this is the answer they would receive to their wind-bag speeches on finance if delivered here. It is very likely that these farmers learned a currency lesson some years ago, in the days of trade dollars, when, the value of that coin being about 95 cents, one month the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and some other corporations here paid their employees in this depreciated coin. As the farmer is a fundamental factor in the economic problem, the loss eventually fell on him, and he no longer bites at cheap money.

C. MERIWETHER.

THE CASTLE AT MILAN.

ALASSIO, July 17, 1894.

THE great cities of Italy, like those of other countries, have increased in population during the last twenty-five years relatively more than either the smaller cities or the country as a whole. Rome, since it became the capital of the united kingdom, has doubled the number of its inhabitants, and Milan, without the stimulus of the extraordinary events that have favored the growth of Rome, has shown an even greater progress. According to the figures of the *Almanach de Gotha*, in the interval between December, 1871, and the end of 1892, the city of 200,000 souls became one of over 425,000. No other city in Italy has gone ahead in the same proportion. Naples, that had 450,000, has now 535,000, Turin, from 192,000, has 330,000, Palermo, from 185,000, has 275,000, and so on. In the same time Milan has added a new city to the old. Stretching beyond the walls in all directions are quarters of new streets, largely of the showy architecture that in Milan, Rome, or Vienna produces very much the same impression. It may be said by the way that in the streets outside the old walls and beyond the boundaries of the *dazio*, or tax levied by the city on all that the city eats and drinks and much that it otherwise needs, living is considerably cheaper than inside those limits. Hence families of moderate means have found that *fuori del dazio* they can afford a much finer and more commodious apartment than would be possible for them within, and the new quarters are favorites with this class.

It is in the centre of the city, however, and with the aid of the methods of the late Baron Haussmann, that still more striking results have been achieved. The space about the Duomo, narrow on the side of the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, has been widened so that a good view of the north flank of the great church is now to be had along its entire length. Then, from the end of the broad piazza in front of the Duomo, and opposite its western façade, a wide street has been cut straight through one of the most populous quarters of the old town to the Foro Bonaparte, a souvenir of the Cisalpine Republic and the Napoleonic kingdom of Italy. At this point, a huge semicircular space, the city has always ended, kept at a distance, just as a crowd is sometimes pushed back by the police, by the immense Castle opposite, meant by all governments, from that of the Visconti down to that of the Austrians of our day, to overawe Milan as much as to defend it. As a result of its vicissitudes, the later ones of which had all involved mutilation, it was a huge, shapeless, forbidding-looking mass—

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens,"

and, up to the end of October of last year, served as quarters for troops. Behind it was the Piazza d'Armi, stretching away to the Arch of Peace, better known as the Arco del Sempione, as it was begun by the first Napoleon to mark the beginning of the road over the Simplon, but was finished by the Austrians, who also changed the name. All about it was a plain, boundless except on clear days, when the jagged blue and white barrier of the Alps filled the north and west.

The broad street pierced from the Piazza del Duomo to the Foro Bonaparte, called the Via Dante, was begun with warm faith in the future of Milan. It is lined on both sides with splendid buildings, and great numbers of enterprising tradespeople took the shops along it with the expectation of making a rapid fortune there. Instead of that, the success of the street was slow in coming—as in the case of the Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris; for awhile it did not "draw." Shop after shop shut up, and many a tradesman, prosperous hitherto, failed. But others came to take their places, and, if affairs are not even yet brilliant, they are at least in the way of improvement. Beyond the Via Dante blocks of splendid houses have, for a few years past, been springing up, gradually closing in upon the castle and the Piazza d'Armi. The monster had lost his terrors, and soon to the advancing city became a sort of King Log, an object of contempt and inviting encroachment. It was no place for a garrison and drill-ground—the space was wanted for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fine houses. The old, mutilated Castle was helpless as well as ugly, and was threatened with destruction. It had been built by tribute extorted from the people, its history was one of tyranny and wrong, its old age was sordid, and, moreover, its dead mass was a hindrance to the development of the city, just as formerly had been its repressions and exactions.

Fortunately, there was a voice raised in opposition. There had been good as well as bad in the old times of which the Castle was the relic. At any rate it was the expression of the history of Milan, and, if cleared of latter-day defacements and restored to something of its pristine state, was a monument of the past worthy to rank with the Cathedral and the Ospedale Maggiore. It ought to be a source of pride to the city and an object of its care, and might even be of use as well as an ornament. This opinion has prevailed. In October last the garrison gave up its quarters, and the work of restoration was begun. This was intrusted to the architect Luca Beltrami, a fortunate choice as well as almost a necessary one, not only because he was one of the foremost advocates of preservation, but also because of his special fitness for the task, with his general culture and his knowledge and skill as an architect. Of this last his design for the new façade of the Duomo—an admirable piece of adaptation—gave abundant evidence; his published writings answer for the rest.

Immediately after its evacuation by the troops, the restoration of the Castle as nearly as possible to what it was in the time of Lodovico il Moro was begun, and pushed so vigorously forward that the present aspect already justifies the undertaking. Hewing away the bricks and mortar about the square openings that did duty as windows showed that under them the original Gothic mouldings were still in great part intact, so that the restoration of the noble windows of early days was an easy matter. In many other cases it was necessary only to brush away the clumsy excrescences of modern times to bring to light some lovely vestige of the *quattrocento*. It was thus that an exquisite loggia of the time of Galeazzo Maria Sforza was disengaged from its filling of plaster, and that quantities of mouldings, sculptures, and frescoes have been uncovered. In face of these treasures it was pleasant to see the surprise of a friend of mine who had passed the period of his military service within these walls without suspecting what they hid. What has been found is of a quality to make one mourn for what has been lost. It is known that Bramante was employed upon the Castle, but of his work there is nothing of which one can now be sure. There is a charming covered bridge attributed to him on the strength of a certain resemblance to his style, and of the known fact that he did construct such a bridge; but that is the utmost that can be said. Perugino, Filarete, Borgognone, and Leonardo da Vinci were also among the artists who worked here. Of Leonardo, indeed, a number of designs for the general making-over of the old stronghold into a gorgeous palace of the Renaissance are still extant. Frescoes, too, attributed to him as well as to Borgognone have been discovered.

Moreover, something besides clearing away rubbish has been accomplished. The truncated towers have been carried up to their original height in their original forms. What these were is not doubtful, as representations of the Castle at all periods of its existence are not wanting. It is wonderful how they have transformed a mass that was barely saved by its immensity from being insignificant and was squat in spite of its height, into one that is imposing and picturesque. The Castle is again what it once was, as far as its outward aspect is concerned, and the Piazza d'Armi, a year ago an arid waste, is already a green garden, a worthy setting to the revived splendor of its architecture. No doubt the park is not much like that where the Sforza chased deer as well as smaller game; but as a park for the Milanese public its English landscape effects are appropriate enough, as they also are to the new uses of the Castle. This now belongs to the city and is destined to receive the municipal museum of archæology and art, the city archives, a school of art, and a museum of the *Risorgimento*, the history of the revolts against Austrian rule, and all that relates to the raising of Italy into an independent and united kingdom. One of the huge round towers, with walls nearly twenty-five feet thick, is turned to peaceful service as a distributing reservoir.

It is scarcely to be wondered at, however, that there should have been a strong feeling in favor of destroying the old pile. Certain of the ancient tyrants, Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Galeazzo Maria Sforza, and Lodovico il Moro, had indeed gathered about them there the greatest artists and men of letters of Italy, and their court was perhaps the most splendid of Europe; but for the Milanese the Castle had too many memories of oppression and exaction On the extinction of the Visconti dynasty, the city declared itself a republic—the Ambrosian republic—the first act of which was to tear down the stronghold of its despots. Within three years, however, Milan fell into the hands of Francesco Sforza, and was forced to build it up again. They had paid for its first building, and not only did they now pay for its rebuilding, but with every change of rule—and back and forth like a shuttlecock between Italians, French, Spaniards, and Austrians—the Castle suffered and had to be restored, and strengthened, and enlarged; and Milan always paid the bill. The people knew this so well that when, under the Cisalpine republic, the era of universal peace and liberty was opened, a petition to Napoleon to destroy the Castle could not gain sufficient subscribers to make it worth the presentation. The wiser heads were distrustful even of that period of boundless hope; and it is notorious that on this occasion the wise heads were not wrong. Napoleon blew up the outworks with which the Spaniards had surrounded the mediæval structure, but he preserved this as the centre of a costly system of embellishment, fortunately abandoned when scarcely begun, and leaving to the present generation merely the arch of the Simplon, the Arena, and the name, Foro Bonaparte. Then came the Austrians, and the Castle would, had it been destroyed, have had to be rebuilt—of course by the people who had torn it down.

This summer the courts and immediate surroundings are occupied by an exhibition of industries and arts—a better consecration of a new epoch than were the temples, arches, smoking-altars, columns, colossal statues, etc., with which Napoleon celebrated the triumph of the Cisalpine republic, built in sham Greek style, of sham stone and marble, in token of sham liberty and brotherhood. The Milanese paid for those, and on the present occasion they have again paid, but of their own free will, and presenting the spectacle—rare as the dodo in Italy, whatever it may be elsewhere—of an exhibition supported entirely by the city where it is held, without receiving, or even asking, any subvention from the Government, and even disdaining the usual lottery. The *Nuova Antologia* (May 15) very properly called attention to the dignified course of Milan; it is, however, doubtful if there be in Italy another city capable of such initiative, or even of imitating the example already given. Not for nothing is Milan known among the cities of the Peninsula as "la *grande*"; its truest title to the epithet is in the character of its people—the very élite of the country.

It would be pleasant to show chapter and verse for this assertion, but our present business is with the Castle. The veracious Baedeker has told tourists that this was "once the seat of the Visconti and the Sforza," and that "the corner towers and part of the wall connecting them on the S. W. side" (*i. e.*, the front toward the city) "are the sole remains of the original building." We know now that the present structure was never inhabited by the Visconti; all that remains of the Castle of their times being a few shapeless masses of brick and mortar, left standing as historical curiosities in the new gardens, and the foundations which Francesco Sforza retained and built upon. We also know that of *his* Castle much more is left than the façade toward the city; that, in fact, notwithstanding successive changes of all sorts, it is, in essentials, as it was at the death of Lodovico il Moro. When the restoration shall be finished, aided by the attractions of the collections within and the gardens without, the monument will resume its place among the ornaments and the sights of Milan.

Its rediscovered value has given occasion to a good number of publications. The most important is that of Luca Beltrami, 'Il Castello di Milano durante il Dominio dei Visconti e degli Sforza—1368–1535' (Milan, 1894), a handsome octavo volume drawn from original sources and abundantly illustrated. The edition is limited to 500 copies at 22.50 lire. This work is supplemented by another by Gen. Luchino Del Mayno, 'Vicende Militari del Castello di Milano dal 1706 al 1848, e cenni sulle Trasformazioni Edilizie del Castello dalla caduta degli Sforza ai nostri giorni, di Luca Beltrami' (Milan, 1894). The show of documents in these two volumes is calculated to repel the ordinary reader, and Signor Beltrami has kindly issued for his benefit a little handbook, 'Guida Storica del Castello di Milano, 1368–1894,' quite sufficiently and agreeably presenting the essential parts of both the larger works, together with the story of Spanish rule from 1536 to 1706. All three reflect credit not only on their authors, but also on the publishing house of Ulrico Hoepli, which has given them to us in such admirable conditions of paper, type, and illustrations. S. K.

MONADNOCK AND BEN NEVIS.—II.

London, July, 1894.

The view from Ben Nevis, one of my chief desires in Scotland, was nearly lost by the cloudy and wet weather for which the western coast is notorious. One rainy day was spent very quietly at Fort William, the little town at the head of Loch Linnhe, strung, like its fellows, along the twenty-five-foot beach. The morning of the next day was not encouraging; but it was better to be wet on the mountain than remain another twenty-four hours pent up solitary in a little hotel, so I set forth under lowering clouds, caught several showers of rain and sleet on the mountain path, and reached the summit about eleven o'clock in a dense fog at a temperature close to freezing. This ben being the highest in Scotland, 4,406

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feet, and only four miles distant from the sea-level station at Fort William, it was chosen over ten years ago as the site for a meteorological station by the Scottish Meteorological Society, and, largely through the perseverance of Dr. Buchan, funds were collected for making a good bridle-path up the mountain side and a substantial observatory on the summit. Two observers spend their time here, relieved at intervals by changing places with their fellows from the lower station. As the clouds hung low during most of my time on the mountain, I was fortunate in having from Dr. Buchan a letter to the chief observer, Mr. Omond, thus gaining a comfortable seat by his fire in the observatory, while a party of ten or more general visitors tramped about in the heavy snow outside. Although Ben Nevis is not high enough to reach the upper currents of the atmosphere, its records have contributed valuable material concerning the winds at middle levels, and the rate of vertical decrease of temperature in fair and stormy weather—a subject on which the meteorological world is at present divided in opinion. But the large number of days when the mountain is cloudy, about eight out of ten, makes it an exceptionally lonesome station for the observers.

In the middle of the afternoon the clouds fortunately lifted, and allowed an almost clear view on all sides for half an hour. The time was shorter than I could have wished, but it enabled me to scan the horizon carefully and compare its outlines with those more familiar at home. Here the striking contrast between our New England plateau and the Scotch Highlands was made evident. With us, the old lowland was in the first place generally worn so smooth, and in the second place, since its uplift the valleys of the newer cycle of erosion have consumed so small a share of the uplifted mass, that the sky-line of our hill views in southern New England is as a rule characterized by a notable simplicity and evenness. Residual Monadnocks may rise here and there to a greater or less height above the general level; the valleys of the newer cycle of denudation dissect the upland to a moderate degree, but they have not nearly demolished it. The even sky-line of the upland is the dominant feature of broad views in southern New England. In Scotland, on the other hand, the Highlands are comparatively uneven along their sky-line, as if they had never been worn very smooth; and the deep glens dissect the mass so thoroughly that only here and there do any significant stretches of fairly even upland remain. The even-topped Cairngorms, far to the northeast, were the best examples of still preserved uplands in the prospects from Ben Nevis, the altitude of their broad summits being between 3,500 and 4,000 feet. Yet, while the likeness between the two regions is in this respect rather remote, it is so easy to apprehend the essential features of one by its contrasts with those of the other that their differences only enhance the interest of their comparison.

It is manifest that the Highlands, when their whole mass stood much lower than now with respect to sea level, were not reduced to so even a surface as that of the ancient peneplain in southern New England. They were certainly heavily denuded, for their structural disorder is excessive, and they once possessed a much greater mass than now appears; but many small Monadnocks must have stubbornly remained, and an anthropoid traveller at that time would have thought of the region as a hilly district, with open lowland valleys among the hills. It is further manifest that since the elevation of the old hilly lowland into a highland, the carving of the mass by the excavation of the glens beneath the old valley lines has progressed much further than with us. The Highlands are thoroughly dissected; their form is as varied as it can be, and further denudation will tend not to complicate but rather to simplify the surface, by reducing the height of the hills without further increasing the number of the valleys. In New England there are many even uplands remaining, over which the roads may run with small variation of height for miles together. All of our old hill-towns, with their now abandoned farms, were upland settlements. In Scotland the roads are all in the glens, ascending a slope only when climbing to a pass. The little villages are all at the foot of the slopes. The Highlanders do not live *on* but *in* the Highlands; and the strong ridges between the glens kept the old clans apart, except when they gathered to march out to the Lowlands. In a few words, while both southern New England and the Scotch Highlands have suffered two cycles of denudation in the preparation of their present form, the duration of the cycles has been differently apportioned. In southern New England the earlier cycle was far advanced; the later or present cycle is only well entered upon. In Scotland the earlier cycle was somewhat less advanced, but the present cycle has reached its maturity.

An interesting question arises in connection with the dates at which the broad uplifts occurred in the two regions, separating their earlier and later cycles of denudation. It is by the determination of such dates that the age of topographical forms may be measured, and therein lies one of the most interesting advances of geographical study that have been made in recent years. For New England and for much of the Atlantic slope of the United States, it has been shown that the chief uplift, in consequence of which the present valleys have been etched in the elevated lowland, occurred somewhere in the Tertiary division of geological chronology; that is, somewhere in one of the latest chapters of geological time. All the eminences that rise above the upland in which our valleys are sunk are greater or lesser Monadnocks, remnants of the pre-Tertiary cycle of erosion. The deep gorge of the Hudson, for example, in the Highlands of southeastern New York, is thus rationally defined in its relationships. It is a deep and narrow valley of Tertiary erosion in the strongly uplifted, hard-rocked peneplain of pre-Tertiary denudation. The Connecticut valley, already referred to, is of the same date, but it is a broad open valley, a valley lowland, a peneplain of the second generation, because it follows a belt of relatively weak rocks.

The Scotch geologists have determined the age of their glens by an ingenious train of reasoning. The great lava sheets of Mull and the smaller volcanic islands of the western coast are associated with interbedded deposits containing Tertiary fossils. The lava sheets are also associated with a system of numerous dikes that traverse the Highlands for many miles. The dikes run alike over bens and across glens, with no more indication of overflowing their enclosing walls in the valley bottoms than on the mountain tops. Hence the excavation of the glens must be subsequent to the eruption of the lava sheets of Mull; that is, the vast work of the mature dissection of the Highlands is limited to only a part of Tertiary time. To students at home, who are accustomed to measuring Tertiary time by the relatively small deposits of gravels and sands along our Atlantic border, this measure of the Tertiary by the erosion that it has witnessed comes as a surprise. It is indeed difficult on looking at the great gorge of the Hudson or at the numerous glens of the Highlands to believe that even a part of the latest chapter of geological history was long enough for their excavation.

From Ben Nevis, stage and railway carried me northward to a region of the upper western coast that has in recent years attracted much attention from geologists by reason of the new interpretation given to its extraordinary structure. The older views of Murchison, inherited and maintained by the official Survey, were slowly displaced by independent students, of whom the most successful was Lapworth, then a school-teacher in Scotland, now professor of geology at Mason College, Birmingham. It was chiefly from his patient observations that the Government geologists were at last forced to admit the existence of great overthrusts and overturns among the rocks, whereby what should be at the bottom was placed on the top, and the normal sequence of deposits was too often displayed upside-down, or almost inside-out. When the "secret of the Highlands" was thus at last disclosed, and the official Survey was compelled to accept the newer views, a frank avowal of the change was made by the director-general, Sir Archibald Geikie, in an article in *Nature;* and several of the Government geologists have since then been studying out and mapping the region in a most minute manner. Best known of these are Messrs. Peach and Horne, with whom I was so fortunate as to spend two delightful days and nights in the neighborhood of Kinlochewe at the head of Loch Maree; my generous escort being Mr. Cadell, whose experiments at Bo'ness in imitation of the Highland mountain structure have done much to secure acceptance and understanding of the results gained by his colleagues and himself in the field. The weather here was exceptionally clear, and the views from low and high levels were most impressive. Here were old mountains of fundamental gneiss buried in thousands of feet of Torridon sandstones, but now clearly revealed again by the deep excavation of the valleys through the compound mass. Here the old gneiss is clearly seen overriding the Cambrian quartzites, the gently ascending surface up which it was overthrust being clearly displayed in the little ravines that cut across it. Now that the mystery of the structure is solved, any one can understand it, particularly when guided by masters as enthusiastic in explanation as those whom I found.

The account of all this region given by Sir Archibald Geikie, in his excellent book on the 'Scenery in Scotland,' will be found entertaining reading in preparation for a tour through Lowlands and Highlands; but there is one conclusion in the book with which I cannot agree. The denudation which produced the hilly lowland in which the glens have since been eroded, is regarded as having been essentially completed before and during the deposition of the Old Red Sandstone made famous by Hugh Miller's studies in Cromarty Firth and elsewhere. It is manifest that a great denudation of the Highland crystalline rocks took place before and during the deposition of the Old Red, for its beds lie unconformably on the eroded crystallines, and are composed largely or entirely of their fragments. It may well be that the close of Old Red times left the region of the Highlands in the form of a well-denuded peneplain, of small relief, and lying close to the sea level; but inasmuch as the Old Reds have since then been tilted and faulted,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there is every probability that the adjoining peneplain was also deformed. Some later date must therefore be sought for the denudation by which the deformed peneplain of Old Red times was reduced to the hilly lowland in which the glens have at last been cut out.

Returning to the comparison with New England, brief mention may be made of the depression of the dissected Highlands, whereby the lower parts of the glens were drowned, forming the sea-lochs; these being perfectly comparable in kind with many of the indentations of the New England coast, but differing from our examples in intensity of expression. Few places in the world present so bold a combination of land and water as is found northward from Glasgow; yet in spite of the excellent harbors thus developed, there are no cities, not even any large towns, on the western coast of the Highlands—the interior is too poor to support them. The chief places are summer resorts, like Oban. For scenic effect, the region is superb; for ordinary human uses, it is too severe. The gentler modulation of the New England coast, the margin of a habitable interior, is better suited for settlement.

Like the uplift, the dissection, and the depression of the Highlands, its glaciation was of an intense quality. The glens were filled, the summits were overflowed with ice. The rock basins, now holding lakes and ascribed to glacial scouring, are larger than ours. They lie in the troughs of the glens, both above and below present sea level; they add to the interior of the Highlands something of the charm that is given to the border by the long-entering arms of the sea. The moraines or terminal deposits left in the valleys during the later phases of the glacial period are of great distinctness—much more emphatic than any in New England, unless it may be in the White Mountains. Lakes often occur up stream from the moraines, as if due in part at least to the deposit of these barriers; thus Loch Duall is separated from Loch Carron, that enters the main valley from a side glen. All the lakes are more or less encroached upon by the growth of deltas where streams run in from the mountains; the smaller lakes are converted into meadows in this way. It is chiefly on these deltas and meadows, or straths, that the Highlanders built their villages; many of the Gaelic names, like Strath Carron and Achnasheen, show an appreciation of these facts, however little understanding there may have been of the control of the facts. Where the valleys are obstructed by moraines or other drift deposits, the streams are often diverted from their old courses and are now cutting narrow rocky gorges. In New England we have such by the hundred, and nearly every one has determined the site of a mill or a village; but in the Highlands the water-power in the gorges runs to waste.

There is a final comparison that deserves a paragraph. The western or Berkshire plateau, the Connecticut valley lowlands, and the eastern or central plateau of southern New England may with much justice be paralleled with the Highlands, the Lowlands, and the Southern Uplands of Scotland. In both cases the Lowlands are low not because their district was not elevated with the rest of the regions at the time of the general plateau-uplift; they are low because their rocks are weak, and they have almost entirely lost the altitude which the harder rocks on either side so well retain. They are reduced almost to new peneplains. It is on these peneplains that the larger cities are built—New Haven, Meriden, Hartford, Springfield, Holyoke, Northampton, with us; Greenock, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, in the Scotch Lowlands. In both cases the transition from the rugged country of the Uplands to the open fields of the Lowlands is abrupt, especially on the side of the greater Uplands. When passing across the boundary by rail, the prospect changes like the rapid shifting of scenes on the stage. In both regions the Lowlands are interrupted by resistant lava sheets, now standing up as ridges and retaining much of the height that the Lowlands have lost. Such are the Ochils of Scotland and the Hanging Hills and the other trap ranges of the Connecticut valley. They are Monadnocks of a second generation. In order to enforce the comparison of the two, and at the same time to promote the international exchange of geographical terms, I propose to use Ochils as a generic term for hills of this second class. Let any one ascend Mt. Tom, a strong Ochil, near Northampton, on the Connecticut, and look at the even sky line of the eastern and western plateaus, overtopped by occasional Monadnocks, and separated by the fertile and populous lowlands of the valley. Let him then include in his Scotch tour an ascent of one of the dominating Ochils east of Stirling, and identify in the broad prospect around and beneath him the analogue of every member of his home view; in so doing he will make a good advancing step in comparative physical geography.

W. M. D.

Correspondence.

DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I take it that no country-loving citizen will disagree with the statement of the law as to what constitutes violence in strikes, as laid down by Judge Baker. I as firmly believe that we as liberty-loving people must insist upon the application of the principle of law, not only to labor organizations, but to the transactions of moneyed corporations as well.

We must waken to the fact that it is just as criminal for corporations to destroy capital by wrecking business as it is for the anarchist to do the same thing by applying the torch. To illustrate the point: A man is running an oil refinery. The Standard Oil Company cuts prices so as to lose large sums of money in the territory in which the man who owns the small refinery is selling his product. World-wide markets permit the Standard to make up its loss in that territory by raising the price in localities where there is no competition. The Standard has taxed the people to pay the loss which it sustained in destroying the property of the small refiner. We must, as liberty-loving people, demand that Judge Baker's principles of law be applied to Mr. Rockefeller, and that Mr. Rockefeller be confronted, if need be, by United States bayonets.

It will not do for us to condone the crime of the Standard by saying that such is legitimate competition. There is no competition which is legitimate that does other than as it would be done by. If a law is a just law, it is capable of universal application, and a law to command respect must be impartially enforced.

We shoot the man, and justly, who burns the freight-cars, and pay the loss to the company out of the public treasury. The small refinery is destroyed, and the people pay, not the man for the refinery, but the Standard Oil Company for destroying it, and, to our shame, sing praises to Mr. Rockefeller.

J. S. Stacy.

FIDELITY REWARDED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of your editorial in No. 1519 ("Praise to Whom Praise is Due"), in which you expressed the opinion that the managers of the Illinois Central Railroad might well "add to a 'vote of thanks' some more substantial recognition of faithful service," permit me to call your attention to the following paragraph from the Richmond *Times* of August 10.

W. H. B.

A CORPORATION WITH A SOUL.

Frostburg, Md., August 9.—The Consolidated Coal Company has notified all the miners who stuck to their posts during the recent protracted strike that they will each receive nine months' rent and fuel free.

THE WORKINGMAN'S LOVE OF HOME.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Among the benefits arising from the recent railroad strike, I have been especially impressed that it has had a decided tendency to awaken the serious, thinking portion of our people to a realization of their responsibility in the conduct of our government, and to lead them to brush aside many so-called modern ideas, for the time being, and revert to fundamental principles. Your correspondent in the *Nation* of July 26, under the caption of "Pullman and its Inhabitants," uses the following language:

"After years of intimate association with the American workingman, I am convinced that one of the strongest sentiments in his breast is the love of home. When, at the close of a day's toil, he can put on his coat and hat, leave the shop behind him, go home, 'wash up,' and eat supper, smoke his pipe and read the paper or watch the children play or play with them while his wife is 'doing up the dishes'; when he feels that he owns everything about him in fee simple, that he is the boss and master in his own house—that man is happy. When his wife in the back kitchen hums 'Home, Sweet Home,' it is full of kindly meaning to him. Mr. Pullman, in his scheme for a model community for American workingmen, overlooked this peculiar American characteristic."

While this is decidedly to the point in the connection in which it is advanced, it seems to me that, as an argument against the theories of Henry George on Government ownership of land, one more nearly unanswerable would be difficult to find.

O. C. B.

San Antonio, Texas, August 4, 1894.

EARLY AMERICAN POST-OFFICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should be glad to be informed of any allusion to our American postal service prior to 1775. The official records are nearly all lost. Even the Franklin period is obscure. Yet the subject is interesting, as the history of the post-office is the history of trade and traffic condensed. The early American post-office was among the greatest of all our pioneers. It seems right that the fragments of the early postal service should be gathered. In 1775 we had but four mail routes: the great route along the Atlantic from Portland to Savannah; the route from New York, via Albany and Montreal, to Quebec; the inception of the route from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh; and the ocean route from New York to Falmouth, England. The names of postmasters and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mail-riders or mail-boats, copies of postmarks, and, in fact, the pettiest postal allusion, will be appreciated. C. W. ERNST.

BACK BAY, BOSTON, MASS., August 11, 1894.

M. REINACH AND MR. WALDSTEIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Waldstein has made two fresh discoveries: first, that I have suspected his *bona fides*, and, second, that, in doing so, my own *fides* has become suspicious. Neither of these discoveries can stand the test of the most lenient criticism.

I *never* contended that Mr. Waldstein had not been the first to publish an observation on the head in the Louvre as belonging to a metope of the Parthenon. I *never* wrote, nor insinuated, that in publishing the aforesaid observation he had any knowledge of his having been anticipated by an unedited *procès-verbal*. It is really trying to my patience that I should be obliged to repeat this. But I wrote in 1886, and I write again, that when M. Waldstein, in 1885, published his 'Essays,' and reprinted therein his paper issued in 1882, he ought to have added a footnote mentioning the following statement of M. Héron de Villefosse, printed in the *Bulletin de la Société des Antiquaires*, 1882, p. 306 (sitting of November 15, 1882):

"En lisant la communication de notre confrère, on pourrait croire que les conservateurs du Louvre n'avaient pas soupçonné l'importance du morceau de sculpture antique dont la place a été déterminée par M. Waldstein. C'est pour faire disparaître toute équivoque à cet égard que je demande à mettre sous les yeux de la Compagnie un extrait du procès-verbal de la séance du comité consultatif. Cette séance est du 22 juillet, 1880, c'est-à-dire antérieure de deux années à la découverte de M. Waldstein. . . . *Une tête d'homme, style des métopes du Parthénon.* . . . Notre confrère M. Heuzey avait été chargé de l'acquisition des marbres grecs dont je viens de donner l'énumération. Le mérite d'une telle œuvre ne pouvait lui échapper: il soupçonne immédiatement que cette tête provenait d'une des métopes du Parthénon."

Now, Mr. Waldstein could have answered, as early as 1886, that the *Bulletin de la Société des Antiquaires* had escaped his notice, and a critic would have proved very pedantic in insisting on so slight a neglect. Instead of that, he began by assuming that I accused him of plagiarism, and called on poor M. de Villefosse to proclaim his innocence, which was questioned by nobody. And now he says that his paper was reprinted before the *Bulletin* had appeared, which seems impossible, the *Bulletin* having reached the libraries in 1883, while the 'Essays' are dated 1885.

If any cool-blooded man will test the facts, he must acknowledge, (1) that I had a right to remind Mr. Waldstein of a point he had neglected to state; (2) that I did so *sine ira*, without throwing the slightest suspicion on Mr. Waldstein's good faith; (3) that Mr. Waldstein flew into a passion about an incidental remark, and now, after eight years, tries to revive a discussion which, in the eye of any reasonable person, bears on a non-existent difficulty.

Mr. Waldstein's first letter concerned the terracotta plaques, which are a serious subject. He there used hard words to qualify the article which I wrote on his 'Essays' in 1885. I felt compelled to show again that what he termed an "unjustifiable attack" was neither an attack nor an unjustified criticism. Whereupon he quite forgets the plaques, and, by inaccurately restating the facts about the head in the Louvre, tries to induce his readers to suspect my scientific honesty.

This is more than enough. I hope Mr. Waldstein will continue to be a felicitous digger, and that I shall have occasion to deal with his discoveries; but, whatever he may say or write about my own doings, I shall abstain, in the future, from entering into any controversy with him. *Fœnum habet in cornu.*

Truly yours, SALOMON REINACH.

MUSÉE DE ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, July 29, 1894.

Notes.

JOHN FISKE'S 'History of the United States,' for schools, is on the point of issuing from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It will be remarkable for its bibliographical equipment.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce, in five volumes, 'The Life and Correspondence of Rufus King,' edited by his grandson, Dr. Charles R. King; 'Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic,' by J. L. Strachan Davidson; 'The Story of Venice,' by Alethea Wiel; 'The Flute-Player, and Other Poems,' by Francis Howard Williams; 'Miss Hurd: An Enigma,' by Anna Katharine Green; and 'Found and Lost,' by Mary Putnam-Jacobi.

J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press 'The Marquis de La Fayette in the War of the Revolution,' with some account of the attitude of France towards the War of Independence, by Charlemagne Tower, jr.; 'Henry IV. and the Religious Wars,' by Edward T. Blair; 'Pediatrics: the Hygiene and Medical Treatment of Children,' by Thomas Morgan Rotch, M.D.; 'My First Book,' the experiences of Walter Besant, James Payn and twenty other well-known novelists, edited by Jerome K. Jerome and profusely illustrated; and 'Madonna, and Other Verses,' by Harrison S. Morris.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. will issue in the autumn 'Some Famous Leaders among Men,' by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, along with Dumas's 'Monte Cristo,' in two volumes, illustrated by Frank T. Merrill, and 'The Three Musketeers,' illustrated by Maurice Leloir.

Ward, Lock & Bowden will copyright here 'Seven Little Australians,' with illustrations by A. J. Johnson.

Dyrsen & Pfeiffer send us a prospectus of 'L'Art de l'Imprimerie pendant la Renaissance Italienne,' which is to be issued in sumptuous fashion by Ferd. Ongania, Venice. The division will be chronologically by cities, from Rome 1465 to Forli 1495, each city having a volume to itself. There will be in each 96 pages of facsimiles of printers' marks, type, ornaments, bindings, etc., calculated to serve as models of taste to our modern printers and bookmakers. The subscription price per série is 10 francs, or 140 for the whole.

Barras's Memoirs, hitherto unpublished, are to swell the Napoleonic revival in France. They will make four volumes, and will be free from the suspicion of doctoring under which Talleyrand's Memoirs labor.

Since we noticed the first edition of Prof. Edwin J. Houston's 'Dictionary of Electrical Words, Terms and Phrases' (New York: W. J. Johnston Co.), upwards of three years ago, the work has been thoroughly overhauled and much enlarged for a second edition, and now a third is before us, with the new matter added as an appendix. The fourth, the editor assures us, will witness an incorporation of the appendix with the general alphabet. It is gratifying to see such solicitude to perfect a work of reference, and one can but be struck by the extraordinary growth in the terminology of electric science and industry which makes such revision and expansion necessary at such brief intervals. The appendix, like the main text, is helpfully illustrated.

Percy Russell's 'Guide to British and American Novels: being a comprehensive manual of all forms of popular fiction in Great Britain, Australasia, and America from its commencement down to 1893' (London) sadly belies its promising title. It is difficult to prove the hopeless incapacity of the writer without giving the absurd volume more space than it deserves; but perhaps it will suffice to note that in the chapter on "American Novels" there is no mention of Mr. Howells, Mr. Cable, Mr. Crawford, Mrs. Deland, or Miss Wilkins, although in a chapter on "Some Living Novelists, British and American," there is to be discovered this delicious paragraph: "Mr. William Dean Howells (1837) is an American writer, and has published much excellent verse. He is the author of several good fictions."

To the nineteenth volume of MM. Noël and Stoullig's invaluable 'Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique' (Paris: Charpentier; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer), M. Ferdinand Brunetière contributes a preface in which, with his usual precision and acumen, he sets forth briefly his view of the essential element of the drama as distinguished from other forms of literature—the novel, for example, and the epic. This essential quality he finds to be a struggle, a strife between contending elements, an effort of man to free himself from fate, or a rivalry between two opposing men.

M. H. Lafontaine is an excellent actor, and has earned a reputation in his profession which makes his literary efforts interesting. He has tried his hand at novel-writing and on the drama, and in neither line has he yet attained particular success. Although an actor, he does not possess the secret of writing a really strong or live play; as a novelist he is not exactly weak, but mediocre. His last book, 'La jolie Parmpolaise' (Paris: Calmann Lévy), is a proof of this. There is absolutely no point to the story, and when one has finished it one wonders what it is all about. The descriptions of theatrical life are commonplace and uninteresting, although it is in these that M. Lafontaine is most at home. One or two shorter sketches are somewhat better, though still quite third-rate.

M. Adolphe Brisson's 'Portraits Intimes' (Paris: Colin & Cie.) is proof additional of Sarcey's common-sense view of the republication of newspaper articles in book form. The essentially transitory character of such productions militates against their preservation; few newspaper men, writing for next day's issue, can produce articles solid enough to be worth collecting and republishing. M. Brisson's very light sketches do not come within that class, and while there are two or three—on Mounet-Sully, on Irving, on Lemaître—which are interesting, the bulk of the volume is disappointing.

Not so with J.-J. Weiss's 'Le Drame historique et le Drame passionnel' (Paris: Calmann Lévy). His review of the Romantic and realistic plays is thoroughly enjoyable and instructive; his criticisms are keen and to the point; there is solidity in this work and consequent satisfaction for the reader. Very savory is the article on "Ruy Blas," which will be appreciated by every one who saw Mounet-Sully in the title rôle, and who, even under the spell of such splendid acting, could not but be struck by the manifold weaknesses of the play. Every page of Weiss's book more than repays the reading of it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Jean Dornis," the authoress of the novel 'La Voie douloureuse,' recently noticed in these columns, turns out to be the pseudonym of Mme. Guillaume Beer, the wife of the counsellor-general of Seine-et-Oise, in whose house Leconte de Lisle recently died.

L. Bernardini's 'La Littérature Scandinave' (Paris: Plon) is chiefly interesting for its accounts of George Brandes, the eminent critic, Strindberg, and Jonas Lie; the article on Brandes being sympathetic and full of information. Those on Björnson and Ibsen are not equal to much else that has already been published about these writers.

Five years ago the prize offered by the united Thierschutzvereine of Germany for the best essay on the rights of animals in their moral and legal relations to man was won by Ignaz Bregenzer, a lawyer of Tübingen, who, instead of printing his dissertation in its original form, subjected it to a thorough revision, and finally expanded it into a volume entitled 'Thier-Ethik' (Bamberg: Buchner). The work, as now issued, is quite exhaustive, and discusses the origin and ethical significance of animal worship and the survivals of this primitive cult in popular superstitions of the present day, animism, monism, metempsychosis, totemism; the teachings of Brahminism, Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism concerning the lower animals; animals in poetry and art and jurisprudence, the influence of the doctrine of evolution upon the treatment of animals, and the rapidly increasing tendency of legislation to recognize them, in both their wild and domestic state, as creatures possessing certain rights and entitled to legal protection in the enjoyment of the same. Vegetarianism Herr Bregenzer regards as "a psychological-pathological outgrowth of modern hyperculture," but goes rather far afield in connecting it historically and genetically with primitive zoolatry and the theory of the transmigration of souls. The vexed question of vivisection is treated dispassionately. Herr Bregenzer thinks that the value of such experiments in promoting the advancement of science, even in the special branch of physiology, has been greatly overestimated, and demands that they should be placed under very strict control. In fact, he would permit such demonstrations only as means of instruction for medical students.

A recent issue (No. 195) of the "Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge," edited by Virchow and Wattenbach (Hamburg: Richter) is an address 'Über die Zulassung der Frauen zum Studium der Medicin,' by Dr. P. Müller, Professor of Gynecology in the University of Berne, Switzerland, who affirms that for the past twenty years co-education has been practised in all Swiss universities except Bâle, and that, as the result of this experience, he is strongly in favor of the system in its widest application. He declares that the relations of the sexes in these institutions have always been quite as proper as in any other place where men and women are wont to associate, and that the young women have proved to be the peers of the young men in every branch of study, notwithstanding the disadvantages arising from the lack of gymnasia and other secondary schools for their suitable preparation. There are no medical lectures, he thinks, that may not be attended by men and women together with perfect propriety; no medical subject that cannot be investigated thoroughly and delicately in a lady's presence. If some professors are thereby prevented from indulging in equivocal jokes, which are of questionable taste under any circumstances, he does not regret the omission, but deems it highly desirable. What is now most needed is the establishment of fully equipped Mädchen-Gymnasia by private enterprise, unless the State can be compelled to do its duty in this respect.

In a recent number we noticed the first volume of the lectures delivered at Florence in 1893. The second volume has just appeared, 'La Vita Italiana nel Cinquecento: Letteratura' (Milan: Treves), and contains, besides articles by Paoli and Manzoni on the political writers and on the lyric of the sixteenth century, a chapter by Carducci on the "Orlando Furioso,' interpretative, illuminating, and full of such happy phrases as "Dante remaining to the mass of the people *majestically obscure*," and "Pulci not losing more by his irregularity than an old palace for not having its windows in a line." Add a lecture by Nencioni on Torquato Tasso, more brilliant than profound. Signor Nencioni's remarks on the Reformation are to be described only as "unregenerate," and the Anglo-Saxon reader can but smile at the naming in the same breath of admiration of works like 'Don Juan,' 'The Idylls of the King,' and 'The Ring and the Book.'

After Florence, Venice, Rome, and Milan it would be hard to mention an Italian town where the student of the history of painting can learn so much as at Bergamo. Cariani and Previtali can be studied there alone, and no other one place in the world is so rich in Lottos and Moronis. Besides these masters whose works abound, other artists are represented by at least one authentic specimen, and among these we find of Venetians such names as Giovanni Bellini, Antonello da Messina, Jacopo di Barbari, Mantegna, Crivelli, Bonsignori, Montagna, Basaiti, Catena, Pisanello, Fr. Morone, Caroto, Romanino, and Moretto; of Lombards such as Foppa, Borgognone, Bernardino da Conti, and Gaudenzio Ferrari; of Ferrara-Bolognese such as Cosimo Tura, the Francias, Dosso Dossi, and Garofalo; and of Central Italians such as Pesellino, Botticelli, and Raphael. We are happy to announce that, excepting the Pisanello, the Pesellinos, and the Botticellis, which form part of the Morelli legacy, and have already been photographed by Marcozzi of Milan, all the works at Bergamo of the masters mentioned have just been photographed by R. Lotze of Verona (10 Via Disciplina). The same photographer, by the way, has also done most of the paintings at Verona.

The United Typothetæ of America will hold their eighth annual convention on September 18. *Paper and Press*, Philadelphia, proposes a souvenir number rich in historical matter relating to the printer's art in this country and especially to the recent development of processes of illustrations.

The latest number of Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift* contains a review of Dr. Quidde's 'Caligula,' by Elimar Klebs of Berlin, who denies that the pamphlet has any value as an historical study, and ascribes its sensational success solely to the covert side-glances cast upon the political conditions of the present day. He accuses Dr. Quidde of having given an imperfect portraiture of Caligula by imparting a modern and therefore false coloring to the statements of Dio Cassius and Suetonius, and by ignoring entirely such important authorities as Philo-Judæus and Josephus, simply because their accounts of the Roman Emperor did not furnish any characteristics suitable to the semi-fictitious personage whom he wished to describe and to present as a warning example to the German people. The critic refers to the recently discovered form of neurasthenia known as "railway-spine," to which conductors, brakemen, and other railroad employees are said to be subject in consequence of exposure to accidents and other constant excitements incident to their occupation. In like manner Dr. Quidde would maintain that sovereigns are peculiarly liable to "paranoia monarchica," a form of insanity induced by their exalted and isolated position, in which they are treated with the reverence due to superior beings, and debarred from all free and natural intercourse with their fellow-men by the rigid constraints of court etiquette. The more absolute the monarch, the more virulent the disease, which has been considerably ameliorated in modern times by the introduction of constitutional limitations to autocratic authority. Whether Dr. Quidde's diagnosis is entitled to any consideration, Herr Klebs will not attempt to decide, but leaves this question to the neuropathologist.

The many friends and pupils of the distinguished archæologist Heinrich Brunn of the University of Munich will learn with regret of his death, which occurred at Josephsthal, near Schliersee, in the Bavarian Highlands, on July 23, after a long illness caused by overwork. He was the son of a clergyman and born at Wörlitz, Anhalt, January 23, 1822. After finishing his studies at Bonn he went to Italy for the purpose of collecting inscriptions for Mommsen and Ritschl, and was secretary of the Prussian Archæological Institute in Rome from 1856 to 1865. He was then appointed to a professorship in the University of Munich, with which he subsequently combined the office of curator of the Glyptothek, or Gallery of Sculpture, in that city. Brunn was generally recognized as one of the greatest authorities in the department of classical archæology. A year ago, as our readers will remember, the fiftieth anniversary of his doctorate was commemorated by American scholars by a gold medal and a Latin address.

—A sense of proportion compels us to confine within a few lines notice of an interesting paper read last year before the Royal Irish Academy and published in vol. iii., third series, of its Proceedings—Capitan Cuellar's 'Narrative of his Adventures in Ireland after the Wreck of the Spanish Armada,' translated and noted by Prof. J. P. O'Reilly. Cuellar was captain of the *Don Pedro*, which, with some twenty other vessels of the Armada, was wrecked on the coast of Ireland in September, 1588. First stripped of everything by the "salvages," he was, like the rest of his companions who escaped the waves and the swords of the British garrisons on the coast, sheltered by the native chieftains. He passed some six months in the island, and eventually by way of Scotland reached Antwerp. Thence, in October of the following year, he indited his narrative to a friend in Spain. "Thinking that, betimes, when you are resting after your meal, you may, for distraction's sake, take to reading this letter, which seems as if it were copied from some book of chivalry; I have, on that account, gone into particulars, in order that you may learn what adventures and trials I had to pass through and undergo." It is the most thrilling narrative of personal adventures of the time in Ireland we remember to have read. The style reminds us of DeFoe. The twenty-five pages are so full of incident it would be difficult to make extracts. The pitiful spectacles connected with the wrecks—the hundreds of brave men in the boiling surf—the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crowds of "dancing and jumping" "salvages" despoiling those who reached land—the putting to the sword of hundreds by the "English Lutherans"—are vividly depicted. We are not likely soon to forget passages such as his finding the bodies of twelve of his countrymen hanging in a ruined chapel where he sought refuge; or those which relate how he and others were glad to cover their nakedness with straw and fern fronds, and how he was made prisoner by a smith and compelled to blow his bellows for several days; or the story of his defence of a castle for a native chief who himself meanwhile retired to the mountains with his flocks and herds. When, after the first few days, nothing further was left upon him to take, he was for the most part treated with kindness. The beauty of the young women "salvages" is often noticed, and the dress and manners and customs of the inhabitants described. Prof. O'Reilly has illustrated the narrative with the suggested identification of persons and localities.

—The rigid tests now applied to the conscripts for the Japanese army have incidentally thrown light upon the ethnology of the island empire. The national habit, continued through ages, of sitting for hours upon the hams and heels has had the curious effect of shortening the legs disproportionately. The average Japanese (man or woman) is normal in the proportions of the upper half of the body. Relatively he is, in the lower half, from a half-inch to an inch and a half too short. It is believed that a more nourishing diet, more exercise, and the use of chairs or some other apparatus which will allow a better circulation of the blood during sedentary attitudes, will in time add to the Japanese stature. Five years' examination of recruits enrolled at the age of twenty shows the following averages: height, 5 ft. 4½ in.; weight, 126.57 lbs.; chest measurement, 32.99 in.; cubic capacity of lungs, 3.531 centimetres. About one-half of the young men rejected on account of disability or deformity suffer from defective vision, hernia, or weak joints. The average rejections per 1,000 are but 41.83, as against 397.43 per 1,000 in England; from which it is argued that the examination is less strict in Japan. Only one conscript in ten is taken, for although fully 200,000 are physically qualified, only 20,000 are enrolled annually for service with the colors. The flower of the population is in the army. Some light seems to be cast by these figures upon Japanese origins. Only 10.46 adult males out of every thousand in the empire attain the maximum height for an infantry recruit. This maximum is 59.5 inches, as against 64 inches in England, 61.6 in Germany, and 60.06 in France. The Coreans are notably taller than the Japanese, and it is on the islands of Tsushima and Iki, in which Corean blood predominates, that the height of the men averages one inch more than on the main island, Hondo. In the regions surrounding the great bays of Yedo and Osaka, as well as in the provinces lining the northwest coast, the people are conspicuously below the requisite standard. The cities as a rule are very deficient in the ratio of height, while the agricultural districts furnish over one-half of the conscripts. It is more than probable that, with the increasing data furnished by the army and navy surgeons, and by life-insurance companies, marked progress may be made towards the solution of the problem of the origins of the mixed people of Japan.

—"Pithecanthropus europæus alalus" is the title of a painting, by Gabriel Max, now exhibited in the International Art Exposition of the Crystal Palace at Munich, Bavaria. It represents the "missing link" and his family, or the domestic life of the primitive semi-human European, not yet endowed with articulate speech, as he may have existed in the pliocene period of the tertiary epoch. Prof. Max is not only an exceedingly clever artist, a genial "soul-painter," as the Germans would call him, gifted with a rare power of portraying on canvas intense emotions of the mind—grief, enthusiasm, the ecstasy of saints and the heroic resignation of martyrs, especially as expressed in the features of women—but he is also well versed in anthropology and comparative anatomy, and perfectly familiar with the results of the latest researches in these branches of science. Among the recent productions of his pencil are several remarkable studies of the anthropoid race, the most striking of which is perhaps the semi-satirical group of Apes as art critics, now in the New Pinakothek at Munich. Unlike these works, the present picture is not a study from nature, but a fancy sketch based upon scientific deductions from the doctrine of evolution. The hands of these pithecoid progenitors of mankind show a marked advance towards humanity in the differentiation from the feet, and the same process of development is perceptible in the growth of the hair on the body and on the head, as well as in the formation of the limbs and the face, which are more rotund in consequence of the increased deposit of adipose tissue. The skull encloses a bigger and better brain, and this variation in the direction of intellectuality is clearly reflected in the thoughtful countenance and the peculiarly sad expression of the eyes. This is especially true of the female, who is seated at the foot of a tree in the virgin forest nursing her infant. A single tear falling upon her left cheek indicates sensibility, and seems prophetic of the fate of her descendants, born to "weep each other's woes." The male, who is standing near, has a mingled look of paternal pride and anxiety for the future. Evidently they are already creatures that "look before and after"; and the appearance of the child gives promise of progressiveness in the next generation. The picture is not for sale, but was presented by the artist to Prof. Ernst Haeckel of Jena, February 16, 1894, on his sixtieth birthday.

—Dr. Luigi Leynardi's 'La Psicologia dell' Arte nella Divina Commedia' (Turin: Loescher) is a diffuse, somewhat superficial, and not particularly original treatise on that most dangerous quicksand of literary criticism, the relation between the mind of the artist and his work. From Dr. Leynardi's elaborate and confusing classification of all Dante's recorded sensations and ideas we gather very little that is positive, though it is by no means certain that a trained investigator would not obtain interesting results from the same field. Two or three points in the book, however, are worth stating, as showing how scientific searchings of this sort sometimes come down at last to the same thesis which the scorned untechnical reader had long held without giving it a basis of statistical proof. Dante affirmed in the most solemn manner the truth of his fantastic journey through the centre of the earth, up the enormous mountain on the other side, and through the heavenly spheres, and many readers have been compelled to admit the paradox that this wholly irrational phantasy makes upon them the exact impression of a true narrative. After several readings of the 'Divine Comedy' it would be easier to convince the imagination that Stanley never saw Africa than that Dante never beheld with his own eyes the City of Dis. The reason, of course, is that Dante's great poem, like most great poems, owes its success to the fact that Dante's expression of what could not have been true was always in terms of what had been his actual sensations. Dante's cavernous underworld seems real, not because it is possible, but because it does not depart from a metamorphosed record of Dante's own precise sensations on the surface of the earth. Dr. Leynardi also appropriately calls attention to Dante's continued unwillingness to attempt the expression of situations or sensations that he thought beyond the range of normal human feeling, evading them by swooning or by some other clever subterfuge. It will be noticed that such occasions increase in number as the poem progresses.

—It is characteristic of the methods and life of to-day that histories of literature conceived on a large scale are usually broken off by the death of the author long before they are completed. Ten Brink and Morley both died at the moment when their self-imposed tasks grew most interesting and most important. The fate of the two great historians of Italian literature has been almost precisely similar. Gaspary, who much resembled Ten Brink in the character and composition of his work, died not long before Ten Brink, and, in the year of Morley's loss, the Italian journals lament the death, on May 16, at Genoa, of Prof. Adolfo Bartoli, who had published seven interesting volumes in his history of Italian literature, bringing the narrative down to Boccaccio. Bartoli was born in 1833, and, though educated as a lawyer, has been for forty years not only deeply engaged in historical and literary studies, but one of the foremost of Italian scholars. Since 1874 he has been professor of the history of Italian literature in the Istituto Superiore at Florence. Bartoli's style was somewhat diffuse, but it was sympathetic and individual, frequently brilliant, and always pleasantly unGermanic in tone and method. His treatment of Dante's life and work was especially interesting, both on account of his wide knowledge of contemporary biography and history, and through the pugnacious and acute scepticism that he brought to bear upon the tangled mass of gossip and information to which scholars had so often given a full and ready credence.

MR. CONWAY IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram-Himalayas. By William Martin Conway. Illustrated by A. D. McCormick. D. Appleton & Co. Pp. 709.

ONE of the most notewortby books of the day, which at once attains the dignity of a classic in Alpine literature, is this of Mr. Conway's. The exploration was undertaken during the summer of 1892, at the expense of three English scientific associations—the Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Society, and the British Association. The region traversed by Mr. Conway is within the kingdom of Cashmere, the most northern of the British possessions in India; the Karakoram Mountains lying near or on the boundary between India and the Chinese Empire at this place. The mountain peaks range from 23,000 to 28,000 feet in height, maintaining glaciers of exceedingly great length. The valleys, which have an altitude of from 5,000 to 9,000 feet, support villages some of which are now army stations or forts. But two explorers preceded Mr. Con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way in this region, the ever active soldier-naturalist, Col. Godwin-Austen, whose researches in zoölogy have made his name a household word among naturalists, and Capt. Younghusband. Neither of these surveys, however, is comparable with that of Mr. Conway in extent or in the value of the results. Of these results, the present volume sets forth the popular portion in the form of a journal of the expedition. The other material, including the natural-history collections, will be discussed by specialists, while the map, for which Mr. Conway made many surveys, will be cared for by the Royal Geographical Society.

The volume before us is the day-by-day record of the expedition, written up each evening from notes made during the day, and is delightful in each of many ways. Mr. Conway is a born explorer, a bright observer with a keen eye for the picturesque, a good naturalist, and he possesses the happy faculty of presenting the interesting phase of his observations. He is a mountaineer acquainted with the Alps and other mountain resorts of Europe, and by many references to these comparatively familiar scenes he is able to convey a very vivid idea of the magnificence of the Himalayas, where, to use his own expression, one is "jaded with appalling splendors of scenery." With the example of Whymper in the Andes as a model, he has had the highest incentive to strong and conscientious work, and of this his volume speaks for itself. The country which he describes is a remarkable one.

"A man coming into a land so new and strange," he says, "is s ricken and overpowered by the impression of the whole. He has no time to contemplate details with the lingering attention that makes the attainment of this or the other point seem desirable. Here was Nature working out her own will unhindered and unhelped by man. The naked skeleton of the world stood forth, with every stratum displayed and every mark of the sculpturing chisel undisguised."

Mr. Conway found himself in the midst of a strange people habitually subservient to their superiors. Did he encounter a group of peasants by the way, they ceased their work, and, with the local salutation, asked what were his commands. If there were none, they begged to be permitted to resume their labor. While they did possess some strong characteristics, personal responsibility and independent opinion were not among them. This is shown by many an amusing incident. When almost in sight of Gilgit, for instance, after inquiry of a native, they realized that he had never seen the fort nor the "Sahib." A second native was met. "Where does the Colonel Sahib live?" "That way." "How far off?" "Not far. A little way." "A mile?" "Yes, a mile." "Perhaps two miles?" "Yes, two miles." "Out with it, man! How many miles?" "As many as the Sahib pleases." Much of the way is through a region of little travel where the high road between the towns is a footpath, and the information about a mountain pass a few miles away is a mere, and misty, tradition. On some of the roads, however, in the comparatively low regions, the party found itself furnished with the local equipage, the "ekka." This is a two-wheeled cart with a flooring about on a level with the tops of the wheels, upon which the traveller squats, being protected from the sun by a sort of dome overhead. The driver has no seat provided for him, but perches wherever he can find room.

"Ekkas are never new, nor is the harness new. The thing seems tied together with string at all points; the strings are always coming loose, and the driver spends most of his time in tying them up. When the wheels come off they have to be tied on with strings wound about the end of the axle. The tires are fastened round the wheels with wooden wedges, which must be kept wet. If they dry, the tire comes off. An ekka horse is a mere anatomy. He is born very old, but he will jog along for ever."

Soon, however, the "ekka" could no longer aid them, and their journey lay along strange pathways, up steep slopes, across rugged glacial moraines, with an occasional rope bridge so tenuous and so "scary" that the travellers were forced on some of them to use the rope as if for ice-work.

Mr. Conway's story of the real ice-work, which forms naturally a very large portion of his volume, will fire the active Alpinist with enthusiasm and make him long to visit this wonderful land of snowy mountains. The trip included eighty-four days spent on snow and ice, the party traversing for the first time from end to end the three longest glaciers in the world outside the Polar regions. These glaciers, the Hispar, the Biafo, and the Baltoro, presented together nearly one hundred and twenty miles of almost continuous ice travel, incidental to which were the different ascents of the higher peaks that overlook the glaciers, and down whose steep ravines come the many tributaries to these great ice rivers. The story is full of charm and interest, but it is related in so modest a manner that, without at least a little experience above the snow-line, one can hardly arrive at a true estimate of the difficulties which were encountered. Mr. Conway must possess remarkable executive ability to have taken so large a party, including many native porters unused to the work and ill-prepared to withstand the rigors of the climate, and with them to have surmounted so successfully the obstacles which he met. For weeks at a time he remained at above 10,000 feet, making frequent dashes with his light party of experienced mountaineers into the higher regions of snow and ice, attaining at one time the summit of Crystal Peak, 19,400, and at another—his crowning achievement—the top of Pioneer Peak at an altitude of very nearly 23,000 feet. On all of these points, the plane-table and the camera were busily at work, and much valuable labor was accomplished which must have been exceedingly irksome at that great height, with the rarefied air and the exhaustion incident to so momentous a climb.

In whatever special matter relating to high ascents the reader may wish information, he will find that Mr. Conway has conscientiously recorded the facts which he has encountered, whether with reference to the nature of the snow and ice, the geological aspect of the country, the fauna and flora, the effects on the climbers of the rarefied air, the best form of portable cooking-stove, the most efficient kind of food, or the most serviceable sort of boots; not neglecting at the same time to note the many charming prospects from the many lofty viewpoints. Nor has his observation been limited to those matters pertaining strictly to the mountains, for he realizes that he is in a country new to the world in general, and he has made his story the more valuable and the more popular by consideration of many other matters of interest, including the architecture of the dwellings and temples, which he views with critical eye, the amusements and occupations of the people, which he lightens with many a quaint bit of conversation, and of course their manners, customs, and costumes and the prominent traits of their character. He picks up in this out-of-the-way place the germ of the "deserted farms" difficulty, which is now attracting so much attention in New England. "Now I want to know," he says, "about your valley. Why are so many fields waste and uncultivated?" "It is because we have so much else to do, carrying wood and things to Gilgit." Truly the elementary principle of concentration of business in cities!

Another bit of political economy comes to us in Mr. Conway's consideration of the valley of Hunza. Through a marvellous system of retaining walls of unpointed, Cyclopean masonry, the steep slope of the valley was centuries ago levelled off into little fields, perhaps a score of them to the acre, the whole tract covering some twenty-five square miles. For the irrigation of this, a canal was led across the face of a precipice, a work which even to the Swiss guide Zurbriggen was a wonder, surpassing in boldness of conception any *Wasserleitung* which he had ever seen. This is the more wonderful since it must have been all constructed by a people who were practically toolless. As a result of this excellent system, the country was well cultivated, "and the population increased to the extreme limits which the land could support. The smallest shrinkage in the food supply brought on famine, and then the only resource was war for the sake of plunder. Hence the Hunzakuts were forced to become a robber tribe. Their very virtues compelled them to it."

A description of the meals at Storage Camp, at a height of 14,210 feet, will be of interest to those who have ever had occasion to lunch or dine in a region of perpetual snow.

"It seemed to be a point of honor with Rahim Ali to feed us best when we were in the worst places. On the 14th of August it snowed all day, so he kept serving us with hot meals and continual supplies of soup or tea at intervals to fill up the time. Where the fresh milk came from I could not discover, unless he had a goat up his sleeve, and the fresh eggs were even more of a mystery. He gave us hot fresh herrings for breakfast, chops and a sweet omelette for lunch, soup, a joint, and scrambled eggs for dinner. He produced each dish with a grin like a conjurer."

But the party was not always blessed with such abundance, for in making the higher passes, with a less numerous retinue, they could not carry such stores, and they found that the bases of supplies upon which they depended were often themselves but badly stocked. On coming down into the camp at Mir, famine nearly overtook them.

"Flour was giving out, and the Raja of Nagyr sent a letter saying that there was none to be had there. The bottom of the tin was visible through our last spoonful of salt. We had at the outside sugar enough for two days, and but six pipes of tobacco. Such was our condition when a *dâk wala* was seen approaching with a box on his back. 'Stores from Gilgit!' was the immediate cry; nor were we disappointed. We prised the box open, and found untold treasures sent to us by that admirable Roberts, whom we fell to blessing in all the languages. Salt, lots of it—sugar, a whole bag—tobacco, and, great Scott! jam!"

Such is Mr. Conway's book, the story of remarkable achievements in mountain-climbing, charmingly presented and of excellent scientific work, clearly stated, with interesting relations of the many novelties which in this strange country impressed themselves upon the traveller. There runs throughout the volume the strong thread of the daily camp-life, with its many incidents and its many bright sketches of the chief members of the party, without a notice of which it would be unjust to dismiss the book. No little interest attaches to the sturdy Bruce, a true English-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man, stout and clear-headed, ever ready in an emergency with his lion's strength and his undaunted courage. To him the fording of a waist-deep raging mountain torrent seemed but a pastime, while the skipping back through a half day's progression for a forgotten tobacco-pouch or some knicknack was but an hour or two of healthful exercise. The excellent Swiss guide, Zurbriggen, mountaineer, philosopher, and jack-of-all-trades, with his quaint phrases and musings, is a strongly drawn character-study, and hardly less interesting are Harkbir, the best of the natives, Rahim Ali, the steward, and the other campers, not forgetting Pristi, the dog. As a character in the story, Mr. McCormick, the artist, bears no small part, but this is absolutely dwarfed by the consideration due him as the illustrator of the book—a place almost as creditable as that of Mr. Conway himself. His sketches add the touch needed to make the story of the Himalayas the more complete, suggesting here the Alps or the Dolomites and there the sharp slopes of the Caucasus, while in their artistic merit they form a fitting counterpart to their literary setting.

HITTELL'S MENTAL GROWTH OF MANKIND.—II.

A History of the Mental Growth of Mankind in Ancient Times. By John S. Hittell. 4 vols. Henry Holt & Co. 1893.

THE chapter on the Ancient Jews, with which the third volume begins, is a curious production. What one expects is a statement, free from animus or *Tendenz*, of the moral, social, and political condition of the Hebrews, as well as a sketch of the development of their religion. The latter would necessitate some words on the latest results of Old Testament criticism, and a definition of the author's position with regard to those results. The scientific historian of culture would discuss these matters as calmly as he would discuss the discovery of logarithms. But Mr. Hittell loses his equanimity as soon as he gets well into any subject which concerns the Christian religion. He has two ends in view in writing the present chapter: one is his proper business, as just defined; the other is, to assail the Hebrew Scriptures. The latter object soon gets complete control of him, and, instead of a scientific appreciation of what the Hebrews have done for civilization, we have a rather violent pamphlet attempting to prove that the Jewish Bible "is a production of natural evolution," and that the Hebrews "never were the exclusive favorites of Heaven by an unjust and insulting preference over other peoples." We cannot conceive why these two propositions should concoct the author's spirits to so fervent a heat, or why he should step aside from his subject to demonstrate their truth. Nobody would have been astonished if he had simply postulated them, leaving argument to those whose vocation it is to deal with Biblical criticism.

The rest, or more than three-fourths, of this third volume is devoted to Greece. In his opening remarks on Early Greece (40 pages) Mr. Hittell holds that in industry, commerce, the practical arts, and originality of religious and scientific systems the Greeks were inferior to other nations, and that their superior political and military institutions formed their contributions to culture. The lack of any hint here at superiority in literature or in natural or educated intelligence is one of the strange omissions constantly to be noted when the author is generalizing. On the latter topic we find little or nothing anywhere, but as regards literature amends are made, so far as one can make them who has not read the original writers, in the special chapter on that subject (40 pages).

Prehistoric Greece and Greek ethnology are very scantily treated. The bibliography appended to the volume does not show that Mr. Hittell has ever read a single one of the many books or articles on excavations in Greek lands, whether on prehistoric or historic sites. He does not seem to set a high enough value on Homer as a document for the early period. To take up a small matter as an example: the first book of the 'Iliad' would have shown him that the king in heroic times was not the interpreter of omens, and that the priest was not always his subordinate. We cannot learn from the bibliography what translation of the epics he used (for, as we have hinted above, Mr. Hittell knows the classics only at second hand), and his reference to the Homeric question makes one doubt whether he really knows what that question is. But the chief fault in this part of the work is the utter absence of the modern comparative method in dealing with the early history of a race. There is hardly a hint that the early Greeks in their manners and customs resembled any other people in the world.

In the first of the Greek chapters the political and military establishments of Sparta are treated, and in the next two (100 pages) those of Athens, Thebes, and Macedon. Here Mr. Hittell is at his best, and gives a plain, succinct, and remarkably accurate account of these departments. But when we come to the Greek religion, we find sad deficiencies again. Out of the thirty pages devoted to this subject one-third are given up to a collection of those famous responses of oracles which "every school-boy knows." This is nearly all beside the subject, and betrays an utter lack of a sense of proportion. There is a fair account of the ordinary practice of religion by private individuals, but next to no attempt to point out the connection between the religious customs of the Greeks and those of earlier nations, and not a word about any influence which they have had upon the religions of later times. No satisfactory treatment is there of the survivals of older and barbarous rites. It is true that Mr. Hittell mentions in passing the occurrence of human sacrifice, but he believes that its occasional appearance was due less to the preservation of an Aryan custom than to the imitation of the rites of contemporary Phœnicians. On the significant "dummy" human sacrifices he has nothing. Ethics, too, is dismissed in a cavalier style, and the author does not seem to be acquainted with Schmidt's great work. The volume ends with short chapters on Industry and on Society.

Without any proper summing up we are hurried in the fourth volume from Greece to Rome. The introduction to the Roman chapters gives three pages to defining the "place" of Rome in the culture of mankind, right enough so far as they go. The greatest part of what follows is naturally devoted to military and legal institutions; for the rest, the method of treatment resembles that employed in the case of Greece. At the end of these chapters, if anywhere, we have a right to expect some general remarks—something about the relations of the Romans to the Etruscans and the Greeks on the one hand, and to the Germans and Celts and other subjugated barbarians on the other—some more elaborate estimate of the value and character of the contribution made by Rome to the "mental growth of mankind." But there is nothing of the sort. The chapter on Roman Society ends with the remark that "Comedians expected to derive more profit from lessons in elocution than from pay given directly for their services on the stage." The next chapter is on Early Christianity, and there is no transition.

This chapter, which closes the book, would be a surprise if the author had not already shown his teeth in the Old Testament diatribe. It opens with a tribute to the civilizing power of Christianity, but soon gets at work on what one is tempted to suspect is, after all, the main purpose of Mr. Hittell's whole book—a violent attack on Christian Evidences. This subject is his King Charles's head, and he cannot keep it out. We have neither time nor patience to follow him through this ill-arranged discussion, much of which is quite impertinent to the purposes of a history of culture. Mr. Hittell believes that Jesus was not a religious teacher, but the leader of a revolt against the Roman Empire which was nipped in the bud. "The theory that Jesus was not a religious teacher, and that, if he delivered any religious discourses, he used them merely as a pretext to conceal his political purpose," Mr. Hittell remarks, "is original with me, and is now published for the first time." This particular blast of the trumpet was not needed. We cannot congratulate Mr. Hittell upon his theory as a theory, nor have we much respect for the logical processes by which he undertakes to establish it. We dare say, however, that his views on Christianity would make an interesting brochure. Our objection to the present chapter lies in the obvious fact that the author has not merely lost sight of the proper purpose of a chapter on early Christianity in a history of culture, but that he has actually forgotten that he is writing such a work. At least, we can find no end to the book *qua* history. This controversial chapter comes to two conclusions, but neither of them can be the proper ending of an historical discourse "on the mental growth of mankind." Indeed, the last sentence of the work rather supports the suspicion that will occur to many, that Mr. Hittell's purpose in writing this book is chiefly to attack supernatural religion. We cannot ourselves make up our minds whether this suspicion is just; but we are inclined to think not. We should rather ascribe the facts that make for it to the author's lack of constructive literary skill.

We have criticised Mr. Hittell's book chiefly with regard to its sufficiency as a general history of culture in ancient times. We have no space to examine the accuracy of the infinity of details which the book necessarily includes. Many of them are drawn, with due credit, from standard works, and are therefore in the main correct, though there is sometimes an uncritical following of the vagaries of an accredited author, and not seldom a failure to check the statements of general treatises by the use of monographs. There are, however, many errors (some of them very gross) in the book, which would seriously interfere with its usefulness even if it were in general well constructed and clear.

On the whole, then, the specialist will not care for Mr. Hittell's lucubrations, and we cannot recommend them to the general reader. The author has considerable ability, and has acquired a respectable stock of miscellaneous information; but he is not qualified in learning, in breadth of mind, or in constructive power to write a satisfactory history of the mental growth of mankind.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Verona, and Other Lectures. By John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D.; with illustrations from drawings by the author. Macmillan & Co. 1894.

It is fortunate that most men's minds are made up about the value of Mr. Ruskin's writings, but it might be matter for curious speculation what would be the effect of the present work upon one who had never read 'Modern Painters' or the 'Stones of Venice,' and knew nothing of their author. It is to be feared that such a reader would be much puzzled as to what to think of such a mixture of qualities and defects. He would not be swept away on a wave of enthusiasm, as so many of us were in the old days of the fifties and sixties. The performance is too slight a one for that; and the conviction all aflame which, in the earlier works, kindled those also who approached it is wanting here—a gentle schoolmasterly dogmatism by no means filling its place. Besides, the times are quite other; the Gothic revival and the Pre-Raphaelite movement are no more, and Carlyle is dead and has been sat upon in judgment. Nevertheless, if the ferment of those years be subsided, it has left some enduring traces on the consensus of educated opinion—some, too (such as the rise in esteem of the painters of the *quattrocento*), calculated to render the reader's disposition towards Mr. Ruskin more favorable. He would otherwise find plenty to admire. The sentences still follow one another in harmonious flow, and their charm is even enhanced by a sobriety that was often lacking in the former dithyrambic pages. Scarlet and amethyst and gold are no longer lavished on the canvas, but the pictures in more delicate tones are not less pleasing than the old splendors.

The book opens with a description of a drive up the hills above Verona that is very beautiful, and no doubt the more so for the reserve that has taken the place of the ancient striving to put into words the inexpressible. A similar change has taken place in the author's opinions. These have lost nothing in force from an increase in temperance that marks them, while his manners, from the same cause, show a decided improvement. The change, in places, amounts to a revolution. The following passage is perhaps the most striking example of what we mean:

"For other pictures of this class, there were two exquisite ones in the Winter Academy—a little Narcissus by Luini, and the Peter Martyr by John Bellini; the last very valuable, because you saw in a moment the main characteristic of the school—that it mattered not in the least to John, and that he doesn't expect it to matter to you, whether people are martyred or not, so long as one can make a pretty gray of their gowns, and a nice white of their sleeves, and infinite decoration of forest leaves behind, and a divine picture at last out of all. Everything in the world was done and made only that it might be rightly painted—that is the true master's creed.

"I used to think all this very wrong once, and that it meant general falseness and hardness of heart, and so on. It means nothing of the kind. It means only that one's whole soul is put into one's work; and that the entire soul so spent is healthy and happy, and cannot vex itself with questions, cares, or pains."

Now that takes all the meaning out of many pages of eloquent denunciation in the writer's former works, but nobody is the worse off for that; and to the new reader there is a decided gain in serenity of view—whatever may be his intimate persuasion with regard to the question of "art for art's sake." But he will be perplexed to reconcile the good things that he finds here and there with their surroundings, or to understand what manner of oracle this is that one moment rises to Delphic heights and the next sinks to the level of a Rosicrucian philosopher. Some of the lectures, as, *e. g.*, that entitled "The Tortoise of Aegina," are entirely of the latter order; but, in general, the main feature is what the French call the *décousu*. The lecturer says just what comes into his head, and, after a half-hour about "Shakspere and the musical glasses," finishes sometimes without even mentioning the subject announced at the beginning. Usually, however, he is not quite so forgetful. In the first lecture, which gives the title to the volume, "Verona and its Rivers," there is, indeed, something about Verona, as well as something about rivers, and—as well as about various other things; involving by the way the confession that Verona has but one river. "Nevertheless, Dante connects its name with that of the Po, when he says," etc., and that is enough for Mr. Ruskin, who immediately proceeds to connect it not only with that of the Po, but also with those of the Adda, the Ticino, the Rhone; and the rest of the lecture is about inundations.

In short, the unsophisticated reader whom we have imagined as taking up the book, would be in doubt twenty times within an hour as to whether the author were a sage or a "crank," but he would always find his pages pleasant reading, and sometimes even good reading. He would thus be in the state of mind in which many of the rest of us are plunged whenever we open a new work of Mr. Ruskin. The volume is illustrated with a number of drawings by the author, two of which are charming, and is furnished by its editor with a preface which is a real aid towards the reading of the subsequent pages, and an index which, for once in a way, seems an absurd luxury.

A Champion of the Cross: Being the Life of John Henry Hopkins, S.T.D., including extracts from his sermons and writings. By Rev. Charles F. Sweet. James Pott & Co. 1894.

It seems to be the rule of late that biographies shall not be written by those to whom they are at first assigned. Thus, Dr. Hopkins's biography was at first given to his brother, who passed it over to Mr. Sweet because he had undertaken to complete Dr. Hopkins's work on "the history and true meaning of the Seventh General Council." The rational sequence is not evident, and the biographer's fitness for his task is not made so by the event. "I have," he says, "no apologies to make for the carelessness and scrappiness of the work, for I did as well as I could under the circumstances." He could hardly have done worse. The carelessness and scrappiness are such as to make any definite impression, or any appreciation of the sequence of events, almost impossible. Frequently, however, the biographer in his own person is more interesting than the subject of his biography. This is particularly so in his account of the relations of the Episcopal Church to the anti-slavery contest and the civil war. The sternest critics of that church in these relations have never asserted anything more damaging than Mr. Sweet confesses with naïve and generous pride. "Before the war," he says, "slavery issues were easily avoided, because the Low Church minority could not afford to divide its forces, and Massachusetts, South Carolina, Virginia, and Ohio were all in that minority together." "The Church was indeed," he says, "a haven of peace in those days," and in proof of this we have the following paragraph:

"The General Convention met at Richmond in 1859, in the midst of the excitement caused by the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry, and it was like the rising of a rainbow from the angry storm-clouds menacing the nation, to see one great body of Christians, many of whose laymen were in high places in the State, meeting in the centre of disturbance, and not so much as a word spoken in convention that mentioned the obscene tumult raging all around."

In the same connection we have the history of the resolutions passed by the General Convention in 1862, "a series of resolutions which meant next to nothing," but intended to express the loyalty of the Church to the nation in its darkest hour. "This was the highest political movement that rose in the Church." As editor of the *Church Journal*, Dr. Hopkins took a leading part in opposing this action and all movements which attempted to commit the Church to one side or the other. She must be "neither for God nor for his enemies."

The editor again makes himself prominent and interesting in the concluding pages, where it is narrated that from his dying-bed Dr. Hopkins lifted up his voice in favor of Phillips Brooks's confirmation. What he said is not given, but we have instead an elaborate justification of the course of those who were opposed to Dr. Brooks's elevation to the bishopric. "The growth of the dishonest Broad Church party has," we are told, "become sturdy and vigorous. That they must be cast out of the church which they aim to overturn is evident. It was his known friendship for members of this revolutionary faction and the unmistakable drift of his teachings which caused the opposition to the election of Dr. Brooks to the episcopate." Mr. Sweet "cannot believe that Dr. Brooks was in heart disloyal to the faith notwithstanding his words." "But the episcopate is for the Church, and the evils dreaded have already made their appearance in the increasing vigor of liberalism in the Church." Dr. Hopkins's word for Dr. Brooks entailed the loss of "those monthly intercessions of a society which prays for the souls of clergymen who die in the faith."

The last act of Dr. Hopkins's life was not in harmony with its general course. He was never a Broad Churchman, but a leader of the so-called Catholic party, opposing himself on the one hand to the Low Churchmen, and on the other to the "High and Dry." The Oxford Movement, and later the Ritualistic, found in him the warmest sympathy and an advocacy that did not mince its words. Delighting in controversy, he used the strongest language he could find to express his contempt for his opponents. At the same time he had a warm and generous heart, and he did not understand why those whom he opposed should object to his classification of them with knaves and fools. They objected seriously, and at a critical moment of his life they took their revenge—preventing his confirmation to a lectureship in the General Theological Seminary, to accept which he had given up his rectorship in Pennsylvania. This hurt him more than the Broadway horse-car which knocked him down and caused his death after a long period of suffering.

He was the eldest son of Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, to write whose Life he gave up the *Church Journal*, which he edited from 1853 to 1872. He was extremely versatile: a poet of some merit, a writer of hymns and church music, including a famous carol, "Three Kings of Orient"; a maker of ecclesiastical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

symbols and vestments; a designer of church plate and ornament; an authority on church architecture. Ordained a deacon in 1850, he was not made a priest till 1874. Controversy was his meat and drink, and from his biography one learns how sweet and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity by the spectacle at every turn of quite the opposite development of mutual regards.

Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts. By David Macritchie. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

BORROW'S fascinating books were the first to awaken popular interest of a friendly kind in the gypsies, which has resulted lately in the establishment of a "Gypsy Lore Society," regularly issuing in Edinburgh a high-class journal devoted to the enlightenment of the public as to this remarkable race. Mr. Macritchie is one of the editors of this journal, and it is quite apposite that from Scotland, which exceeded other countries in its bitter persecutions of the gypsies, should come in later days the most accurate and broad information as to their true character and the conditions under which they lived.

Although gypsies were known to exist in Scotland much earlier, the first band distinctly visible was in 1505, and the famous family of Faa or Faw was made the subject of a decree banishing George and John Faw and their company from Aberdeen in 1540. It is curious that, only four days before the date of this decree of the bailies of Aberdeen, King James the Fifth, who seemed more friendly to the gypsies than his predecessors, signed a writ in the Privy Council of Scotland relating to John Faw, in which he was treated with partiality and given evidence of the King's friendship. This writ is quoted by Mr. Crockett in his recent delightful book 'The Raiders,' of which John Faw is the hero; and it is also a fact that John Faw was actually in possession of letters under the great seal of Scotland commanding all officers of justice to assist him "in execution of justice upon his company and folk conform to the laws of Egypt and in punishment of all those that rebel against him." The Faa family is still extant.

There have been in Scotland during the last century some gypsy families of light complexion and hair, with light eyes. It is very doubtful if these were true gypsies, as the real Romany blood has almost always proved so strong that even a small admixture of it gives the eyes, features, and complexion of the old and pure race, the same influence that generations of unmixed blood on one side is found to have in crossing the lower animals. One of the most remarkable features of this curious people is that it has preserved for so many centuries, and under such different and often unfavorable conditions, the ancient physical and moral types, as well as the language; so that the gypsy of Spain and Hungary resembles unmistakably his British brother and has a language substantially the same.

The Scottish gypsies, perhaps encouraged by the royal countenance in the writ of 1540, made themselves so obnoxious by their thefts and pillaging that the following year another proclamation was issued against "Jhone Faw and his brether, and Sebastiane Lowlaw Egyptianis," that they "with thair wifis, barnis and companeis," should depart from the realm within thirty days under the pain of death. While this caused the Faws to cross the border temporarily into England, they returned in a few years, and in 1553 "John Faw Lord and Earl of Little Egypt" appears to have been in favor, though his former protector James V. was dead and the country under a regency. At this period and for some time after, the law did not take cognizance of crimes committed by gypsies upon each other, leaving the administration of justice on such offenders to the gypsies themselves. Various interesting instances growing out of this state of affairs are given by Mr. Macritchie, who also tells of a trial in 1612 of several members of the Faw family for different offences. One of them, Katharine by name, pleaded guilty to having slain her husband with a knife, and for this she was sentenced to be "drowned to death in the sea." Her counsel pleaded that "it was not usual to take cognisance of murder among the Egyptians." Up to the present day the right of a gypsy to beat his wife is unquestioned by gypsy women, and is spoken of by them, married and single, as something perfectly proper of infliction for cause. The Scottish gypsies in the sixteenth century also appear to have taken up the profession of strolling players and mountebanks, and in the latter half of it produced several plays at Roslin Castle, one of them being the play of Robin Hood.

A great many enactments were made against the gypsies as such and as thieves and murderers and strong, masterful beggars, and against those who sustained and countenanced them. In 1576 especially an edict was issued, commanding all Egyptians to present themselves at the Tolbooth in Edinburgh to suffer trial and judgment for such crimes as they might be suspected of; such as did not come being considered as thieves and murderers. A trial is recorded wherein one gypsy thief named Alexander Stuart was sentenced to death at Perth in 1701, but his sentence was commuted to perpetual servitude, and he was given as "perpetual servant to Sir John Areskine of Alva." Many fled the kingdom, many were deported to the British plantations in Virginia, Jamaica, and Barbados; many suffered death, and in the records of the Tolbooth, under date of July 10, 1657, "seven Egyptians, men and women, were scourged through Edinburgh and banished the nation," with "certification" given that if they returned, they should be executed. In spite of all these persecutions and punishments, the gypsies continued to survive, becoming somewhat more amenable to the law, but still, up to 1714, the end of the period which the volume covers, harried and pursued by the authorities.

Mr. Macritchie's book is as full of interest and incident as of the results of careful historical research, and it is to be hoped he will continue to publish his investigations of the same subject, bringing them down to the present day.

L'Autriche Contemporaine. Par Raoul Chélard. [Les Grandes Puissances à la fin du XIXe Siècle.] Paris: Léon Chailley. 1894.

THIS is the first of a series of special treatises on the principal European countries, and deals with Cisleithania only, Hungary being reserved for a separate volume. The author spent more than two years in Austria, and gathered a large amount of varied information, much of it from good sources, concerning the history, geography, political, economic and social condition of the various races of the empire. He has, however, not succeeded in producing an interesting book. The matter is ill-arranged and the treatment often dry. The historical portion predominates to an unconscionable extent, in a work designed to be primarily of contemporaneous interest. Topics relating to France are dwelt upon at great length. Thus, there are thirty pages on the occupation of Vienna by the French in 1805 and 1809, and there is much learned genealogical talk about Austrian noblemen of French descent and the French colony of Vienna, although there are barely 2,500 Frenchmen, all told, in Austria. This want of perspective becomes all the more glaring when we find entire provinces, like Styria and Carinthia, relegated to a footnote, because the author fears to tire his readers with a description of their geographical features. Twenty-two pages are devoted to the struggles of the Czechs against the aggressions of the Germans—as the author views the matter—prior to Maria Theresa, while only a page is given to all the subsequent history of Bohemia, culminating in the erection of the National Theatre at Prague, which called forth "un délire patriotique, une extase, un triomphe, une fièvre, une manifestation du patriotisme comme la France seule en a offert des exemples." Twenty pages are required for "Viennese music," half of that space being taken up with Mozart, possibly because "il est hors de doute que les ancêtres de Mozart étaient d'origine française"; but nineteen lines suffice for a summary of Viennese science, which is rendered all the more grotesque by an attempt to characterize the achievements of the few scientists mentioned: "Meynert, le fondateur de l'anatomie du cerveau"; "Édouard Suess, . . . dont les theories sur la formation des montagnes sont les plus répandues," etc.

Literature in Vienna fares somewhat better, and the sketch of Grillparzer is quite readable, although there is an implied grossness not borne out by the facts in the statement, "Vivant maritalement avec une demoiselle Catherine Froelich, femme d'une grande beauté, et avec laquelle il était officiellement fiancé, et bien que l'aimant tendrement et n'ayant rien à lui reprocher, il ne l'a cependant jamais épousée." But also, in speaking of literary men, the author betrays the irritating pretentiousness of second-hand knowledge. No one who had read a line of Lenau, for instance, could have failed to notice that strain of melancholy which is inseparably connected with his name. But all that M. Chélard has to say of him is: "Quant à son lyrisme, il est plus monotone que celui de Heine, par exemple, mais, par contre, d'un caractère beaucoup plus doux." Occasionally exaggerated statements like "Un Bavarois et un Viennois se comprendront en effet aisément, tandis qu'un Berlinois ne comprendra pas plus un Viennois qu'un Chinois"; or an awkward phrase like "Nous faisons figurer les juifs en tête des races diverses, parce que leur présence en Autriche remonte au temps de Jésus-Christ," show a carelessness unusual in French writers; but, on the other hand, there are fewer misprints than might have been expected in a work of this kind. A number of illustrations, mostly borrowed from Crown Prince Rudolph's work on 'Die Oesterreichisch-Ungarische Monarchie in Wort und Bild,' constitute an attractive feature of the work, which, while not distinguished by the philosophic grasp of a Leroy-Beaulieu or the minute accuracy of a Baedeker, will be found useful by the general reader.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Blum, Dr. Hans. Fürst Bismarck und seine Zeit. Zweiter Abdruck. Munich: Oskar Beck; New York: Westermann.

Bormann, Edwin. Das Shakespeare-Geheimniss. Leipzig. New York: G. E. Stechert; B. Westermann.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brady, Prof. J. E. Women in Roman Literature. Northampton, Mass.: The Author.
Brine, Vice-Admiral Lindesay. Travels amongst American Indians. London: Low, Marston & Co.; New York: Scribners. $5.
Brisson, Adolphe. Portraits Intimes. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie
Browne, Walter. "2894"; or, the Fossil Man. G. W. Dillingham. 50 cents.
Buchheim, Prof. C. A. Halm's Griseldis. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Burke, Sarah J. Fairy Tales for Little Readers. London: Walter Scott; New York; A. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Burnham, Hampden. Adeline Gray: A Tale. Wynkoop & Hallenbeck. 25 cents.
Carmina Princetonia: The University Song Book. Newark, N. J.: M. R. Dennis & Co.
Caro, Madame E. L'Idole. Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: Charles Eitel.
Chester, Evelyn. Miss Derrick. G. W. Dillingham. 50 cents.
Christian, Sydney. Sarah: A Survival. Harpers. 50 cents.
Clegg, T. T. David's Loom: A Story of Rochdale Life. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.
Cobban, J. McL. The Red Sultan. Rand, McNally & Co. 75 cents.
Collier, Price. Mr. Picket-Pin and his Friends. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Coppée, François. Mon Franc-Parler. Paris: Lemerre; New York: Meyer Bros. & Co.
Davies, G. C. Cruising in the Netherlands. London: Jarrold & Sons.
Frederic, Harold. Marsena, and Other Stories of the War-time. Scribners. $1.
Gilkes, A. H. The Thing That Hath Been: or, A Young Man's Mistakes. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Gleason, C. W. The Gate to the Anabasis. Boston: Ginn & Co. 45 cents.
Henderson, E. F. A History of Germany in the Middle Ages. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.60.
Henry, Prof. Victor. A Short Comparative Grammar of English and German. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $1.90.
Keene, J. H. The Boy's Own Guide to Fishing. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Lesser, M. A. The Historical Development of the Jury System. Rochester: Lawyers' Cooperative Publishing Co. $2.50.
Macleod, H. D. Bimetallism. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.
Marguerite Hunter: A Narrative Descriptive of Life in the Material and Spiritual Spheres. Chicago: C. H. Horine.
Nichols, Herbert. Our Notions of Number and Space. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.10.
Parnele, Mary. The Evolution of an Empire: A Brief Historical Sketch of France. W. B. Harison. 75 cents.
Pratt, Dr. Henry. Principia Nova Astronomica. London: Williams & Norgate; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.
Russell, W. C. List, Ye Landsmen. Cassell. 50 cents
Salisbury, H. B. The Birth of Freedom. Humboldt. Publishing Co. 25 cents.
Sawyer, B. F. David and Abigail. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.
Scheiner, Prof. J. A Treatise on Astronomical Spectroscopy. Boston: Ginn & Co. $5.
Scott, Sir W. Anne of Geierstein. [Dryburgh Edition.] Edinburgh: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Small, Prof. A. W., and Vincent, G. E. An Introduction to the Study of Society. American Book Co. $1.80.
The Critic. Jan.-June, 1894. The *Critic* Co.
Theuriet, André. Rose-Lise. Paris: Lemerre; New York: Meyer Bros. & Co.
The Yellow Book. Vol. II. London: Mathews & Lane; Boston: Copeland & Day.
Thomas, Prof. A. C. A History of the United States. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.25.
Thompson, R. W. The Footprints of the Jesuits. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.75.
Van Daell, Prof. A. N. An Introduction to French Authors. Boston: Ginn & Co. 90 cents.
Vashti and Esther: A Story of Society To-day. Appletons. $1.
Warren, Walter. The Aztecs. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.
Weyman, S. J. The House of the Wolf. Rand, McNally & Co., and M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
Zola, Emile. Lourdes. Paris: Charpentier; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer; Westermann; Brentanos. $1.

AMERICAN SCIENCE SERIES.

BARKER'S PHYSICS.	Advanced course.
REMSEN'S CHEMISTRY.	3 courses.
PACKARD'S ZOOLOGY.	3 courses.
MARTIN'S HUMAN BODY.	3 courses.
WALKER'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.	3 courses.
NEWCOMB & HOLDEN'S ASTRONOMY.	2 courses.
BESSEY'S BOTANY.	2 courses.
JAMES'S PSYCHOLOGY.	2 courses.
SEDGWICK & WILSON'S BIOLOGY.	

HENRY HOLT & CO., N. Y.

"A priceless treasure to mothers."

THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

By ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.
Superintendent of the Newport Hospital and Associate Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

348 pages. 12mo, cloth. Price, $1.00.

"Writes with a full and enthusiastic acquaintance with her subject. . . . A good piece of literary work, written with simplicity, clearness, precision, judgment, and tact."

HENRY ALTEMUS, Publisher,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Tyrolean Tours.

INNSBRUCK, TYROL, AUSTRIA.
1,900 feet above the sea, with dry, bracing climate.
CENTRE FOR COACHING TRIPS and Excursions of all kinds.
HOTEL TIROL.
Open all the year. CARL LANDSEE, Proprietor. Large, airy, sunny rooms; modern conveniences; superior cuisine. Reduced rates in winter. Eminent medical care if desired. Unusual educational advantages on moderate terms. EXCURSIONS A SPECIALTY. Best references. Illustrated pamphlets sent on application.

MRS. PEARY.

MY ARCTIC JOURNAL.
"Delightfully entertaining story."—*Boston Herald*.
"Mrs. Peary's descriptions of scenery are admirable."—*London Spectator*. Price, $2.00.
CONTEMPORARY PUB. CO., 5 Beekman St., N. Y.

Letters of Credit. We buy and sell bills of exchange on and make Cable Transfers of money to Europe, Australia, and the West Indies: also make collections and issue Commercial and Travellers' Credits, available in all parts of the world.
Brown Brothers & Co., Bankers,
NO. 59 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

History of Dartmouth College AND THE TOWN OF HANOVER, N. H., by FREDERICK CHASE. Vol I. To the outbreak of the college controversy. Large 8vo, cloth, $3.50, net; postage 24 cents. Sent on receipt of price by JOHN K. LORD, Hanover, N. H.

Yale Mixture.

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.
You won't know the luxury of Pipe-Smoking until you use Yale Mixture.
A two-oz. trial package, postpaid, for 25 cents.
MARBURG BROS.,
The American Tobacco Co., Successor,
Baltimore, Md.

Rev. Edw. Everett Hale,

Dr. S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Eng. GEORGE MELVILLE, U. S. N.,
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,
GEORGE WM. CURTIS.
Imperial Panel Photos on heavy bevel mounts, 14x17, Price, $3.00 each. Also Cabinet Photos. For sale by THE F. GUTEKUNST CO., 712 Arch St., Philada.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS.

Catalogue No. 37 is now ready and will be mailed to any address.
GEORGE P. HUMPHREY,
25 EXCHANGE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

American Magazines, Newspapers, and Journals

The *Cosmopolitan* @ $1.50 per year. Best magazine issued in America. The *Division Visitor*, @ 50 cents per year. Best non-partisan and non-sectarian temperance paper. Ask us to quote on your wants. Mention *Nation*.
AMERICAN PRINTING AND NEWS COMPANY
1111 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

OLD BOOKS

We make a specialty of hunting up old books and magazines. We buy large and small libraries for cash. If you want anything in the book line write to us. Monthly list of old, rare, and curious books free.
THE PHILADELPHIA BOOK CLEARING-HOUSE,
144 N. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE.

Harper's Monthly, Vols. 24-43, half mor.....$16 00
Historical Magazine (Dawson's). 2d Series, unb'd. 10 00
The Forum, Vols. 1-16, unbound..... 16 00
The Galaxy, Vols. 3-12, half morocco..... 10 00
H. WILLIAMS, 195 West 10th St., N. Y.

A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, giving Contents and Critical Opinions of the 528 books from HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'s List included in the Model ("A. L. A.") Library exhibited at Chicago, will be sent to any address. 4 Park St., Boston.

THE PULLMAN STRIKE.
By Rev. WILLIAM H. CARWARDINE. 25 cents, postpaid. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers, Chicago.

40c. each.—Essays of Macaulay, Bacon, Lamb, De Quincey, Davis, St. Beuve, Mitford's 'Our Village,' Butler's 'Analogy of Religion,' Browne's 'Religio Medici.' PRATT, 6th Ave. and 12th St., N. Y.

PAPER BY THE POUND and envelopes. Greater quantity, lower price than by quire. Samples, all grades, prices marked, on receipt of 10c. WM. R. JENKINS, fine stationery, 851-53 Sixth Ave. (48th St.), N. Y.

A Tonic

For Brain-Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate is without exception the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

Descriptive Pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

·ESTABLISHED 1858·
H. H. UPHAM & CO.
·MEMORIAL TABLETS·
·IN BRASS AND BRONZE·
·54 South Fifth Ave: near Bleecker St·
·NEW YORK·

BACK NUMBERS, VOLS., AND SETS of the *Nation* bought, sold, and exchanged—a complete set of the *Nation* now ready—by A. S. CLARK, 34 Park Row, N. Y. Catalogue No. 38 ready.

H. WILLIAMS, 195 WEST 10TH ST., N. Y., dealer in Magazines and other periodicals. Sets, volumes, or single numbers.

BACK numbers and sets of all magazines. For price, state wants to MAGAZINE EXCHANGE, Schoharie, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED